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KING'S COLLEGE, London.—DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—A COURSE OF LECTURES for the Matriculated Students will commence on TUESDAY, the 4th of October next.
MATHEMATICS.—Professor the Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.; Tutor, T. A. Cook, M.A.
CLASSICS.—Professor the Rev. R. W. Browne, M.A.; Tutor, Rev. J. Brewer, M.A.
ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Professor the Rev. F. Maurice, M.A.
The Classes for private Instruction in the Higher Oriental, Chinese, Persian, and Hindostani Languages, will also be reorganized on the same scale as last year.
Chambers are provided for such matriculated Students as are desirous of residing in the College; and some of the Professors and Gentlemen connected with the College receive Students into their houses.
Further information may be obtained upon application at the Secretary's Office.
Sept. 1842.
J. LONSDALE, Principal.

CIVIL ENGINEERING, ARCHITECTURE, &c. —UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The Prospectus of the Courses of Instruction in this Department, may be had at the Office of the College. The Classes are as follows: MATHEMATICS.—Professor De Morgan.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, MECHANICS, &c.—Professor C. H. Babbage.
CHEMISTRY.—Professor Graham.
GEOLOGY.—Professor Webster.
DRAWING.—Teacher, Mr. G. B. Moore.
CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Professor Vignoles.
ARCHITECTURE.—Professor Pugin.
R. G. LATHAM, A.M.,
Dean of the Faculty of Arts.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON,
Secretary to the Council.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—FACULTY OF MEDICINE.—Session 1842-1843.—The WINTER TERM will COMMENCE on SATURDAY, October 1. Classes in the order in which the Lectures are delivered during the year.

MEDICAL PRINCIPLES and PRACTICE of.. Professor M. Williams, M.D.

ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY.—Professor Sharpey, M.D.

CHEMISTRY.—Professor Graham.

CLINICAL MEDICAL and SURGICAL.—Prof. Grant, M.D.

ANATOMY, DESCRIPTIVE and SURGICAL.—Prof. Quain.

MATERIA MEDICA and THERAPEUTICS.—Professor Thomson, M.D.

SURGERY, PRINCIPLES and PRACTICE of.. Prof. Cooper;

MIDWIFERY and DISEASES of WOMEN and CHILDREN.—Professor Murphy, M.D.

PRACTICAL ANATOMY.—The Pupils will be directed in their studies during several hours daily by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Morton, under the superintendence of Mr. Quain and Dr. Williams.

HOSPITAL PRACTICE, daily, throughout the year.

Physicians.—Dr. Williams, Dr. Thomson, Dr. Taylor.

Surgeons.—Mr. Cooper, Mr. Liston, Mr. Quain.

Midwives.—See the Subsequent Subscriptions.

MEDICAL CLINICAL LECTURES by Dr. Williams and Dr. Thomson; and also by Dr. Taylor, Professor of Clinical Medicine, whose special duty it is to train the pupils in the practical study of disease at the bed-side during the visits; and also by a series of lectures on the physical phenomena and Diseases of disease, to classes consisting of a limited number, and meeting at separate hours.

CLINICAL MEDICAL LECTURES.—Mr. Cooper, Mr. Liston, Mr. Quain.

For further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.

Several of the Professors admit Students to reside with them.

August, 1842. WM. SHARPEY, Dean of the Faculty.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The Lectures to the Classes of the Faculty of Arts commence on the 1st of October.

The Junior School opens on the 20th of September.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—Junior School; Session 1842-43. Under the Government of the Council of the College.

Head Master, THOMAS H. KEY, A.M., late Professor of Latin in the College. Professor Malden, A.M., will instruct the Senior Greek Class.

The SCHOOL will OPEN on MONDAY, 26th SEPTEMBER.

The Session is divided into three terms, viz.—from the 26th of September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 4th of August.

The fee for each pupil is £1., of which £1. are paid in advance each term. The hours of attendance are from a quarter past 9 to three quarters past 3. The afternoon of Wednesday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to Drawing.

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There is a general examination of the pupils at the end of each Session, and the prizes are then given.

The discipline of the School is maintained without corporal punishment.

A monthly report of the conduct of each pupil is sent to his parent or guardian.

Several of the Masters receive boarders.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine commence on the 1st of October; those of the Faculty of Arts on the 15th of October.—August, 1842.

TO SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—FACULTY OF ARTS and LAWS.—Session 1842-43.—The Session will commence on SATURDAY, 15th October, when Professor Long, A.M., will deliver an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE at Eight o'clock precisely.

CLASSES.
LATIN.—Professor Long, A.M.
GREEK.—Professor Malden, A.M.
HEBREW.—Professor Hurst.
ARABIC, PERSIAN, and HINDOSTANI.—Prof. Falconer, A.M.
CHINESE LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.—Professor the Rev. Dr. Ward.
ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.—Prof. Latham, A.M.
FRENCH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.—Prof. Merlet.
ITALIAN LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.—Professor Pepoli.
GERMAN LANGUAGE.—Teacher, Mr. Wittich.
MATHEMATICS.—Professor De Morgan.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY and ASTRONOMY.—Professor Potter, A.M.
CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Professor Vignoles.
ARCHITECTURE.—Professor Donaldson.
DRAWING.—Teacher, Mr. G. B. Moore.
CHEMISTRY.—Professor Webster, F.G.S.
GEOLOGY.—Professor Webster, F.G.S.
BOTANY.—Professor Lindley, Ph. D.
ZOOLOGY.—Professor Grant, M.D.

PHYSIOLOGY of MIND and LOGIC.—Professor the Rev. Dr. Hope.
HISTORY ANCIENT and MODERN.—Professor Creasy, A.M.
SCHOOLMASTERS' COURSES.—Professors Long, Malden, Morgan, and Potter.
ENGLISH LAW.—Professor Carey, A.M.
JURISPRUDENCE.—Professor Gravell, A.M.

For further particulars apply to Mr. R. J. Longbottom, Secretary.

A Flaherty Scholarship of £10. per annum, tenable for four years, will be awarded in 1843 to the best proficient in Classics among the Students of the College under the age of 20 years. The examination will take place in the second week in October. A similar Scholarship for proficiency in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy will be awarded in 1844, in the subsequent year, alternately, for proficiency in Classics and in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

The Session of the Faculty of Medicine commences on the 1st of October; the Junior School opens on the 20th of September.

Prospectus for further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College. Sept. 1842.

R. G. LATHAM, A.M., Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

For further particulars apply to Mr. R. J. Longbottom, Secretary.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—WINTER SESSION, 1842.—To commence OCTOBER the 3rd.

MEDICINE, by G. Burrows, M.D.

ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, and PATHOLOGY, by E. Stanley, F.R.S.

PRACTICAL ANATOMY, by Mr. Wormald.

SUPERINTENDENCE of DISSECTIONS, by Mr. Wormald and Mr. M'Whinney.

SURGERY, by William Lawrence, F.R.S.

CHEMISTRY, by Mr. Griffiths.

MATERIAL MEDICA and THERAPEUTICS, by G. L. Roupell, M.D., F.R.S.

MIDWIFERY and the DISEASES of WOMEN and CHILDREN, by E. Rigby, M.D.

SUMMER SESSION, 1843.—To commence MAY the 1st.

FORENSIC MEDICINE, by W. Baly, M.D.

MIDWIFERY and the DISEASES of WOMEN and CHILDREN, by E. Rigby, M.D.

BOTANY, by F. J. FARRE, M.D., F.L.S.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY, by Mr. M'Whinney.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, by Mr. Griffiths.

CLINICAL MEDICAL LECTURES on MEDICINE, by Dr. Roupell and Dr. George Burrows; and on

SURGERY, by Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Stanley.

DEMONSTRATIONS of MORBID ANATOMY, by Mr. Paget.

Prospectus of the Lectures, and a statement of the arrangements of the School, my be had by applying to Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Baly, or Medical Officer at the Hospital; or at the Anatomical Museum.

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33	1000	12 0 0	60 0 0
42	9000	71 13 4	322 10 0
47	2000	82 11 1	301 14 0

These results take no credit for any part of the profits of the year 1842. The divisions of the Society will take place on the 31st December of each year, and every Policy of one entire year's duration will entitle the holder to a portion of the profits in all the divisions succeeding the completion of its first year. Every person assured with the Society is entitled to attend and vote at all the General Meetings, and to investigate for himself the accuracy of the Society's accounts.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1842.

REVIEWS

A Treatise on Fresco, Encaustic, and Tempera Painting. By Eugenio Latilla. London.
Thoughts on the Relative Value of Fresco and Oil Painting. By B. R. Haydon. London.
British, French, and German Painting. By David Scott, Esq. R.S.A. Edinburgh.

Fresco-painting in England!—Ship-building in Bohemia—Cyclopean architecture in Lilliput—Landscape-gardening in the Needles—or the legitimate Drama in a Showbox—what can we imagine so fantastic and far-fetched as the idea of fresco-painting in England? Who expects to hear the Hallelujah or the Hailstone Chorus performed by a band of bumble-bees? Shall we have a new Silver Coinage minted out of the moonshine? Why, St. Luke himself, the patron-saint of limmers, might despair to bring about such a miracle as fresco-painting among us. Yes, it will come to pass, saith the scorpion, along with Elephant hunting upon Eel-pie Island, and the Sun's chariot brought down from the zodiac to roll upon the Birmingham Railway. This, the grandest of pictorial styles, fit for a large-minded, large-mansioned, art-enraptured people alone, to be adopted forssooth by a nation who inhabit brick boxes and lath-and-plaster palaces,—whose souls are of a correspondent size and consistence (at least *quoad art.*)—and whose idol, instead of Apollo Musagetes, resembles the bust of James Watt on the body of Mammon! It is little set-off against this sneer that Athenian dwellings were no larger than English, and that the Athenians worshipped Minerva with the blacksmith's apron no less than Minerva with the picture-woven veil. However, perhaps it will be deemed answer enough that Parliament does contemplate the introduction of fresco into England—the patronage of it upon the halls and walls of their New Houses. Five years since this project had been thought as Quixotic as to build them of precious stones and diamond-paste for mortar. Credulity with her fathomless maw could not have swallowed such a marvel. Yet now the whole land is in commotion from it; we take Mr. Haydon's word, "The effect on British Art will be tremendous,—the provinces *I know* to be silent volcanos." As to the provinces, we dare say these fire-fraught mountains in labour would bring forth red-hot mice at least, if nothing more wonderful,—i. e., little gentry full of ardour and activity. It has made a great stir and noise throughout the metropolis beyond denial; or to continue in King Cambyses' vein, it is a succedaneum for the earthquake that threatened us—a moral one for the physical which broke out at the wrong place, Port Haytien instead of Paul's Churchyard, thanks to the numerous subterranean alleys of the globe, among whose intricacies it went astray. But who was it conjured up this colossal apparition of Fresco, this awful yet attractive spectre whom our artists must follow, as Hamlet did the Ghost, albeit perhaps to their perdition? Some say it was the architect of the New Houses. If so, a statue, higher than St. Carlo Borromeo's, should be dedicated to St. Charles Barry, and placed upon the pinnacle of Victoria Tower. Mr. Haydon quotes a letter from Wilkie, written sixteen years since,—"Might it not be revived in England? Might not the halls at Windsor, or the *House of Lords?*" Was it not rather the King of Bavaria whose example has begot a European emulation; or rathermost of all, the poor German painters, whose performances at Rome, by their merit, gave the first impulse to modern fresco? Whencesoever they stole this celestial fire, once enkindled it travelled like the beacon of Eschy-

lus, though not so fast, with huge telegraphic strides from land to land: glancing from the Seven Hills across the Alps it flamed amazement throughout Germany—shone at Munich—gleamed at Dresden—sparkled at Frankfort, &c. &c.—and now glitters at Paris. It has taken a long breath at the Pas de Calais, as if afraid to leap the British Channel, lest the mists on this side might peradventure extinguish it: still we think the lantern atop of Westminster Hall begins to twinkle—may it prove something more than an *ignis fatuus*!

Will not this gigantesque Art be, in any English edifice, what ancient critics said of a certain overgrown marble Goddess sitting in her cella, too big for its receptacle? Were the lady to have got up, she would have carried off the roof; and should Fresco rise to her full height in the New Parliament-house, would she not bring it about her ears? No matter how lofty the walls are, if the national taste be low, Art can range little above it. Here is peril the first:—a sandbank upon which should Fresco-painting get aground, it will need a flush spring tide to set her afloat again. Let us anatomize this National Taste, and see what breeds about its heart.

Money is power, but a given quantum of money is not a given quantum of power, as that power will be more or less according to the prudence with which that money has been administered. A single pound sterling well applied may overset a throne, the wealth of Croesus will sometimes fail to establish one. Indeed, wealth often simply enables fool to exhibit his weakness in forcible colours; if the golden mainspring do not give a right impetus it generally gives a wrong. Money patronage of talent or pretension may, after a like fashion, produce much effect, or almost none at all, and moreover a beneficial or an evil effect, correspondent to the use or the abuse of the motive power. Thus far is horn-book philosophy. Now bring these plain maxims to bear upon National Taste. The power of the purse lies at present with the Middle Classes, we mean the chief power, that which produces widest and altogether greatest effect. Though our Upper Classes enjoy immense riches, still they do not balance the gross amount possessed by the innumerable proprietors of the second Estate. But middle-class patronage must entail middle-class productions; the market will be suited to the consumers; there will be a few pine-apples, a few grand pictures, a few choice books, &c. for the few patrician purchasers, and bushels of ordinary fruit, cartloads of inferior paintings, cheap publications beyond count, for the middle-class millions. This, it is manifest, will lower the standard of national taste, because among those who could elevate it, whether horticulturist, artist, or author, not one in a thousand but will accommodate his productions to the demand of the patronising majority. That they have done so, any person may convince himself who examines the commodities of various sorts now brought to market: a single word, *Brimmagem*, pretty well defines their general character.*

Again: knowledge is power, and what we have said of money power we might repeat of power derived from knowledge. It exists for the greater part among the Middle Classes of mind, because so numerous are those moderately gifted persons who by the advancement and spread, however superficial, of knowledge, can

* Some months ago we asked at an eminent shop to be supplied with a good article of great use though small cost. "I have no such thing," was the candid tradesman's answer; "I can give you *inferior* articles of the kind, but good ones are so little in request, there are few of 'em made, and we find it better worth while to keep the other quality. When I got a *skilling*, I could give the article good; now the public must have it cheap, so it is *sixpence*, but not of half the value."

or at least do pronounce upon literature and art, that their aggregate decisions much outweigh those of the far fewer select judges, and in consequence all but monopolize the power entitled public opinion. Middle-class mind will, of course, patronize middle-class merit, and thus likewise will the standard of national taste be lowered. Hence it seems evident how the two chief powers modifying and affecting national taste should tend to its deterioration; though the middle classes in money and the middle classes in mind are not the same, they cooperate towards the same effect—a predominance of middle-class productions, literary and artistic, as well as commercial, manufactory, and agricultural. We do not take upon us to decry this predicament of things, nor even to deplore it; if its disadvantage be obvious and enormous, it has advantages neither obscure nor trivial. What reconciles us to it further, is our persuasion that it follows by due sequence from unavoidable causes, and our hope it may prove a mere transition state, however prolonged. Though the middle classes pull down the upper, still they are themselves rising; and though their preponderance now degrades National Taste, perhaps they will hereafter exalt it higher than before. Much virtue in *perhaps*! But we have pointed out peril the first: middle-class power of purse and opinion threatens middle-class fresco-painting to the New Houses of Parliament.†

Peril the second: English partiality for Colour. It seems an odd coincidence that all the great Colourist schools—Venetian, Flemish, Dutch, and English—should have sprung up amongst maritime peoples. Yet perhaps this might be accounted for, as so-called accidents are but the cometary phenomena of the moral system, and reducible to calculation, like regular events when observed with precision. Maritime peoples are from their position often commercial; commerce enriches, and together with the person enriches "the eyes," the imagination, the taste, while it sets before them in constant succession all the wealthiest products of the world—dazzling jewels, metals, and marbles, gorgeous brocades, silks, velvets, and bright-grained stuffs—all things essentially decorative, and of varied, splendid, or florid effect. A rich people thus becomes attached to rich appearances,—that is, to superb and sumptuous objects either of nature or of art; amongst others to brilliant pictures; and hence will encourage the Ornamental Style of Painting, at a word will create a School of Colour. Even the dust is golden in the realm of Plutus, and the water yellow, and the air a dissolved sun, the vegetation saffron, the fishes are silver-gilt, the other inarticulate creatures molten, like idol calves, out of the most precious metal, and the reasoning animals are *Midas* to a man—they swallow gold at mouth and eyes, imbibe it at every pore. What could you expect their pictures to be? Why their chiaroscuro itself would resemble clouds of hell-smoke turned up with sulphur, garish in its dismallest gloom. Hence, if a people convert all they touch into gold, as the long-eared Phrygian king did of yore, their very "brain-pans" will become gilded, their retinas will become gold lace-work, and their whole nervous tissue a continued mesh or web of the same glittering fabric. Must they not perform love rich colouring? We do not say every kingdom with a coast must have a taste for fine colours; a people may be maritime like the French or Romans yet little commercial. Neither do we say every opulent people must have such a taste, as their genius, or inborn tendencies, or habits of polity, might oppose it: thus the middle-age Florentines were by no

† See this subject treated more at large in *Athenæum* No. 640, p. 95.

means remarkable for love of colour, a possible result of their severe, somewhat Spartan character, which Dante indicates when he calls them a *rock-bred race*—“gente di macigno.” But another coincidence we would point out is, that the great Colourist schools have never been renowned in Fresco-painting. None worth mention exists or ever existed throughout the Flemish, Dutch, or British dominions. Mr. Latilla seems to think it was not at any time practised here: “Those paintings called frescoes I have generally found upon examination to be tempera on dry stucco.” *Giorgione* is the single Venetian master of great name who much cultivated this style; even *Tintoret*, who adorned chapels and saloons with works of fresco size, wrought seldom in fresco. The Parmesan school contradicts somewhat both our theories; yet *Correggio* was rather a supreme chiaroscuroist than magnificent colourist; his brightness is of the morning gray, his splendour has not the luxurious, deep-toned effulgence of evening: *Parmegiano*, too, was far more an oil painter than a frescoist. Besides, we put forth as valid the general principles alone of our theories, which remain unaffected by particular exceptions. Here, however, comes the twofold question: whether any antagonism subsist between colouring and fresco painting? and if yes, why? We answer, that in our opinion there must be such an antagonism, and for this reason: *design* is the grand object of fresco-painting, and purity of design is quasi incompatible with pomp of colouring. By design readers will understand we mean not the mere lifeless mechanism itself, but all it can accomplish—expression, character, dramatic and epic representation, &c., which constitute the loftiest aim and noblest end of Art. It must also be understood, that in asserting the existence of a certain antagonism between Colour and Fresco, we do not assert they are never united, or when conjoined necessarily neutralize each other. But these admissions made, let us say likewise: first, that we never yet saw any fresco by any master which combined colouring and drawing, without a sacrifice of excellence in one or both; and second, that even though such a combination without such sacrifice be possible, it must be almost impracticable. Raffael's ‘*Mass of Bolsena*’ has been cited as amalgamating both merits at their respective acmes; but critical decisions are not so unanimous about it: for our own humble part, we look upon this very fresco as the strongest argument in favour of our above opinion;—its colouring displays a coarse, matted richness or cloddiness, rather than the luminous fluidity of Titian, and its drawing neither the refined skill nor elevated taste of Raffael. Yet it is the most Titianesque among Raffael's frescoes. We do not set limits to human improvements; we do not say to Art, thus far shalt thou go and no farther: fresco may be rendered capable hereafter of that fine adulteration between colour and draughtsmanship, which shall preserve both their beauties intact,—to Hereafter therefore we leave it!

What the preceding paragraphs level at can now require little developement; to take the mask off our battery altogether, we say in plain terms—if English artists attempt fresco, let them keep strict watch and ward against the national gust for luxurious colouring. If this obtain to the degree now prevalent and popular—if to any degree of intemperance or voluptuousness—it will make English fresco fit for the halls of Comus, not of Themis,—it will fling an air over the gravest senate-house of a public bagnio. Adorn *Vauxhall* with it if you please, or *Guild-hall*, or the saloons of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, or the dining-rooms of Sybarite lords, or the bed-rooms of Circcean dames and Cyprian demoiselles;—English fresco will befit such

places precisely (except, indeed, from its ignorance of “the naked”), and befit none purer or holier, unless perhaps select Gin-palaces (where nothing is drunk on the spot), *recherché* Taverns, and epicurean Club-houses. But the pencil must not wanton in meretricious hues more than in meretricious subjects where the Collective Wisdom of the Nation assembles; no debauched taste must commit excesses of colour upon those walls, which might offend the pure-eyed divinities, Legislation and Justice, presiding within them. A character somewhat severe should reign throughout the tone as well as the design; this rule, proper for all frescoes, is especially applicable when they are employed to decorate solemn public edifices, either sacred or secular. We have discussed peril the second at large, because it seems that rock against which Fresco on approaching our British shore of art will be most like to drive,—to drive upon it, too, with general approbation, in the *Mrs. Millamant* style, “full sail, with all her streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders.” How should that gaudy lady, English Art, reconcile herself to adopt the simple costume of a Gray Sister? how should the children of that Dalilah, who has seduced our Samsonian national genius, reconcile themselves to desert their innocent paddlings in oils and gum-water, their dear little dabblings in the bright-tinted puddle of pigments and beautiful dirts? How should English Fresco ever proceed upon true principles, when our very best painters seem disposed to set out upon false? We have heard more than one of our eminent artists exclaim, with the prospective fresco ground at Westminster before his mental vision, “What a fine field for colour!” This—colour, and not epic or dramatic composition, expression, character, design, or any of the higher and purer pictorial qualities,—at once suggested itself to English professors as the supreme, single, self-sufficient aim, end, and summum bonum of fresco! Another artist, who ranks among our ablest, to show what he could do in the said style, did his fresco offhand *without a cartoon*, and produced sure enough an effective piece—of colour! Mr. Haydon, in his pamphlet, would give the spur to blind Bayard: when the plaster becomes just firm yet moist, “then is the time to trace your portion of cartoon, and work away, or dash at it without a cartoon” (p. 18). We would say, deferentially, but point-blank against this, that there must be no fresco-painting without a cartoon, or the “working away” will prove working astray, and the “dashing” little better than splashing. Adroit, long-practised frescanti may, bytimes, have used no cartoon: we believe the Great Masters seldom or never dispensed with it—and hence they are the great masters. Michaelangelo took eight years to paint the Last Judgment, Raffael about three to paint a small chamber of the Vatican: here is little symptom of “dashing,” yet Michael, if any one, would have been a dasher were it commendable, and “worked away” with no more caution nor cartoon than a white-washer uses, were excellence in fresco to be acquired at a hand-gallop. But let us quote a second passage from Mr. Haydon's pamphlet, corrective of the first: fresco-practice, he says, p. 11, “will reform at once the careless, dashing, slovenliness of habit so common in oil-practice.” This opinion, given by no minute elaborator or mechanist, backs up ours like a pilaster behind an Egyptian figure—both are of a piece. We are glad that an energetic professional man should express himself thus; and thus also, upon *design*, which we have called indispensable, and deplored the utter want of among British artists generally—“Their objection to fresco,” he says, “proceeds from the anticipating agony of being obliged to draw,” p. 21. We thought our iter-

ation upon this subject had almost tired out Echo, but she begins to return us somewhat better than faint and vacant answers. Let us repeat, likewise, that if fresco make colour its prime object, it can only aspire to the ornamentation of Paphian and Bacchanalian halls, places where the pomps, pageantries, vanities, and delicate sensualities of life are exhibited or enjoyed. Had Iris dipped her brush always into rainbow hues, and painted the Battle of Gods and Giants on heaven's cupola, she would have rendered a rare-show or phantasmagoria. English fresco has to dream an extreme just opposite the one into which German fresco has fallen, total carelessness or callousness about attractive colour: *Cornelius* adopts a brickdust dye, *Oeverbeck* a miserable pea-green, *Schnorr* a fuliginous gray, as if he had smoked his forms with a suet-light, not painted them. These supercilious idealists pretend, even when they paint landscape, to despise what Nature, and the God of Nature, who so decked out the visible world, have sanctioned—beautiful tints, mellow reflections, magic aerial perspective, glorious emblazonry, ocular embellishments of all kinds, under a certain discreet control. But there is a medium as definite as the sun's course between the tropics, though as hard to be defined, between these above-mentioned extremes. Were we called on for an example of fresco in the purest, and noblest, and most appropriate style of colour, we should cite Raffael's ‘School of Athens,’ or, perhaps, *Andrea del Sarto's* ‘Miracles of Saint Philip,’ at Florence; both give the eye an agreeable reception, Andrea's the warmer and welcome, yet both preserve their chaste beauty, their solemnn character. Raffael's ‘School,’ in Andrea's colouring, were the perfection of fresco.* Correggio's style is less simple and subdued, but thence better suited to his profane themes, though ill enough to his ‘Assumption’ at the Dome of Parma, which must have resembled a merrymaking among the Saints and Angels, with our Lady as abbess of Misrule hoisted upon their shoulders. From the severe style of those very few oil pictures left by Giorgione, we suspect his frescoes were severer still, far beyond the popular idea attached to Venetian colouring. Yet we would not prohibit, even in historical pieces, brilliancy or rich embellishment; times, and occasions, and subjects will admit, nay demand them; but our two above-mentioned principles should never be forgotten: first, that profound design and beautiful colour are much opposed, though not altogether incompatible; second, that design, whose fittest arena is fresco, produces the grandest effects of art. Hence, unless we would sacrifice the greater attainment to the smaller, splendid, or seductive, or dexterous colouring, must seldom form a principal consideration in works of this species. If, for good reasons or bad, or both, or none at all, inferior effects shall receive the preference over superior from our countrymen, exquisite colouring (under which we may reckon clair-obscure), and awkward design will produce those merits well enough: let British fresco however, thus directed and determined, content itself thenceforward with rank and renown proportional to its subordinate aims, middle-class spirit, and comparatively ignoble ambition. It must always remain a lower School of Art than any which finds itself upon design, carried to equal perfection. The British will, perhaps, be to the German what the Venetian was to the Roman or Florentine, except that it may succeed better, in its kind, as the humbler object is most often the easier of accomplishment.†

* We speak of these Nunziata ‘Miracles’ as they were some years since, not as we suspect they are now, bedaubed thicker than a harlot's cheek by a recent desecrator.

† We are quite prepared to grant that our cool atmosphere imposes a necessity for proportional warmth of fresco on

out Echo, that better us repeat, its prime lamentation places where our enjoyed, in blue hues, Giants on pondered it a British fresco the one into continual carelessness colour: Overbeck a numerous gray, sun-light, us idealists escape, to of Nature, have sensations, magic airy, ocular a certain medium as the tropics, between these are called on urest, and of colour, them's, or, of Saint eye an armer and taste beauty, School, in of simple and his profane assumption' have resemblance to saints and of Misrule the severe left by Gior- never still, to Ven- exhibit, even embellish- subjects will we above- sten: first, colour are ever incom- test arena effects of art. the greater, more seductive, can form a species. or none at preference exquisitely clear- will produce British fresco- ed, content known pro- middle-class culation. It of Art than carried to perhaps, be as they were, bedaubed. a latu- sphere of fresco on

Peril the third: our destructive Climate, and its corollary, Coal-smoke, and the companion of this, Conflagration. Practical obstacles we leave to practical persons, merely submitting the query whether those ancient paintings quoted as still visible at different localities of Great Britain were, *any of them*, frescoes? M. Latiffa deposes that he has "generally found them upon examination to be *tempera* on dry stucco,"—wherefore not have the various specimens tested by a strict scientific analysis? If they turned out real frescoes, it would at once stop all clamour about climate.

Peril the fourth: improper methods and materials. This also we leave to the profession, hazarding another gentle interrogative, whether an artist who adopts the "dash-away" style with his works, may not expect Time to adopt it with them after his example? Indeed, we might admit of a fresco as of a murder, if it were done quickly; but would it not rather, being so done, be un-done for ever? Again, as Michaelangelo called in experienced frescanti to teach him their methods, let us ask if it would degrade our "Mighty Totty-potty-moys" of the palette, to engage German tutor—a third or fourth rate Bavarian fresco painter,—if they are afraid of a first-rate, whose patterns seen beside their emulous attempts would endanger their credit, and their hopes to monopolize the national patronage? No! once in possession of the fresco undertaking, they will have it, like the taurine autocrat of the china-shop—"all their own way." To speak with Shakespeare, who expresses our thought somewhat better than Shelley—

We see as in a map the end of all!

Our brandishers of the paint-brush will fling themselves from the height of their contempt for regular scientific approaches, hand over head into the project of raising an eternal monument to their fame—the readiest means to make it tumble after them: arenas, where design might run a glorious race against German draughtsmen, will be covered thick with those masses of colours which our artists long to go on accumulating, and mixing, and "corrupting," till the pencil itself clogs amidst the rich, rank compost—a fertile bed of mushroom beauties! Upon this, in fine, the Nation, suffered to see nought else by foreign artists, will gaze as upon the vision of a half-opened Paradise, instead of a gorgeous Rag-Fair! Prove us blind foreseers, good fresco-painting countrymen! or, rather, take the film from our eyes by your works, that we may be ever after clear-sighted to your merits and our own prejudices.

As a proof we have some hopes amidst all our apprehensions, we offer the subjoined hints towards aiding and abetting the introduction and naturalization of fresco. Imprimis: Parliament must not wash its hands in the gallipot after one act of patronage; were the walls of the New Houses as long as the legs of Athens, and painted as full as a fan-screen, public patronage would have but begun its office. Many, perhaps all, of the first attempts at fresco may be failures. This should by no means dishearten us. Imperfect commencements characterized the art throughout Italy itself, where frescoes are to be found lying three deep one under another: each an advance upon that beneath it; thus, and oftentimes thus only, is perfection attainable. The works of even such great masters as Signorelli and Sodoma, in the Vatican, were sacrificed on this magnanimous principle, and Raffael's sublime pictures resulted. A like relentless, yet really beneficial immolation of Perugino's

our walls, just as it requires curtains on our windows and carpets on our floors, without which the effect would prove disastrous. Yet what does this concession amount to but another argument against the probable success of supereminent fresco?

altar-pieces took place in the Sistine Chapel, and lo!—the Last Judgment appeared! It is true, modern artists with all the traditional procedures of their craft at hand, if not at their fingers ends, should sooner reach ultimate excellence; but some few, we reckon, among their performances will call for "a coat of white," yea, ere their own locks become hoary. Parliament must ordain the successive whitewashings, should more than one be requisite, and stimulate by liberal rewards the successive painters: it must constitute itself a kind of permanent Pope Julius, bravely to sacrifice the decorations, even when tolerable, of its palace, that it may procure in their stead the very best possible. It must do all this,—it, or a patron as sovereign-like,—if understood, if British fresco is meant ever to rival Italian. Mere handsome house-painting will need less expensive patronage. But hbw, readers may ask, would the people of England like to be made a Macenas of, at such a price? We don't know!—that concerns the fresco patrons, not us, to determine. Nevertheless, we suggest that a very few thousand pounds would suffice to accomplish a vast deal: *protected mural space* is what our incipient frescanti want most; for our private edifices are too small;‡ our ecclesiastical too exclusive, our civic too much under the sway of Corporations, who have no other idea of dignified History Painting than their own portraits hung round the walls in the order of their election to office, with George III. on a white charger over the chimney-piece. We refer back (*Athenæum*, No. 640, p. 96.) to an illustrative anecdote on the subject of British ideas about Parliament playing Pope Julius.

Again: towards good fresco-work, the first step from the solid ground of *design*, is a fair knowledge of *architecture*. All the greatest Italian frescanti were architects likewise: Giotto, Michaelangelo, Raffael, Lionardo (whose Last Supper we may count as a fresco), Giulio Romano, &c., not to speak of Domenichino, Pietro da Cortona, and such others: or at least had mastered its principles, as Correggio, whose frescoes were so well adapted to their masonic receptacles that Lanzi says the architecture seemed made for them instead of them for the architecture. Indeed, all the supereminent artists were accomplished in all the *three* arts, painting, architecture, and sculpture,—nor can supereminence, we might affirm, be attained without this triunion. But a smattering of architecture at least is indispensable to the fresco-painter, an acquaintanceship with its primary rules and generic distinctions, and peculiar effects, properties, requirements. Ignorance of these things will preclude the advantages a painter would otherwise derive from that particular architectural framework which surrounds his pictures; and will augment the disadvantages it also oftentimes entails by its particular ordonnance; and yet worse will raise an intestine, incessant war between the edifice itself and its decorations. We shall have a similar scene of discord, a Dutch Concert played by the Sister Arts, at Westminster Senate House as at Westminster Abbey: modern frescoes will perform the same part there that modern statues do here, setting themselves forward in all the ostentatious conceit of their self-sufficiency, frittering away the general effect of the gothic structure, and destroying the impressiveness that should reign throughout. We have long since shown what lamentable and disgraceful results are due to this gross neglect of the kindred arts by professors of each; we have contended for the Architectonic Principle at least being observed in every new monumental fixture or other decora-

‡ Many-windowed likewise, that more sun may enter, and thus cutting up the decorative spaces; or if not many-windowed, then affording insufficient light to such spaces. Truly a dilemma, which presents no horns, but antlers!

tive detail of a national edifice. Recent contributions, by an English artist long abroad, to the *Athenæum*,§ have dwelt with proper solicitude on the same subject, which cannot be too frequently or forcibly brought into notice, till it receive practical attention. Express attention is needful to the *species* of Classic architecture—rectilineal or round-arched, Greek, Roman, or Italian—and of Gothic—simple, decorated, florid, or hybrid (if this last do not rather merit the name *Vandal*)—for all are different. The New Houses, which we visited some days ago, promise a kind of Gothic accommodating to the painter, being neither wholly in the Perpendicular style nor the Tudor, the Pointed nor the Flat-headed, but a varied admixture, demanding frescoes as little homogeneous.

Our final exhortative hint is this: we never knew an attainable object that British genius could not attain, if it determined to do so. The English dull and phlegmatic—egregious baldness! *Shakspeare* was an Englishman: are you answered? Bacon was an Englishman—Milton, Newton, Spenser, Chaucer: what are you answered yet? But you say, as a people they are dull-brained: true; were it better to be maggot-brained, like the German, or feather-brained, like the French people? Has this cavil any connexion with the point! In every branch of science and art, Great Britain, we affirm, produces, or did produce, her full quota, or more, of gifted men, under equally favourable circumstances. Even in Painting, so far forth as her efforts have been made, videlet: in easel-works, she might challenge all contemporaneous nations to enumerate rivals for Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Hogarth, Lawrence, and Wilkie. Why should she not at least compete with those nations in fresco? She needs but the will to find a way; though to conquer as well as to compete with them, that way must be, of most cogent necessity,—the right one.

Researches into the Physical History of Mankind. By J. C. Prichard, M.D. &c. Vol. III. Sherwood & Gilbert.

Natural History of Man. By J. C. Prichard, M.D. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Bailliére.

The writings of Dr. Prichard have been now, for some time, before the public, and the nature and tendency of his researches are too well known to require a detailed investigation at our hands. His patient industry in collecting materials, and the many branches of knowledge he has brought to bear upon his subject, have rendered him eminent among the writers on Ethnography. If any one might be presupposed to carry conviction in his train, it should be such a one as the author of these volumes, who unites in his person extraordinary erudition with considerable scientific knowledge. Should it, therefore, turn out that the early antiquity of nations continues as mysterious as it hitherto has been deemed, there will be good reason for believing that the data do not exist for arriving at any more positive conclusions.

Dr. Prichard's attention seems to have been drawn to his investigations by the strong assertions of continental physiologists, (rendered popular at home by the lectures of Mr. Lawrence,) concerning the origin of mankind from more than one primitive stock. This opinion did not meet with favour in his sight, and he proceeded to examine the scientific basis upon which the assertion reposes. He next turned his attention to external considerations, to geographical position, and above all to language, in search of unequivocal testimony concerning the history of the species; and thus he was drawn into that inextricable labyrinth of ancient quo-

§ See ante, pp. 314, 405, 709, "Fresco, by Joseph Severn, of Rome."

tation, which has, in turn, served the purpose of the most opposite theories. For our own parts, we have long given up all hope of a successful guess at the origin of nations, in the conviction that learning has exhausted all its resources, without bringing us within view of our object. The subject, fortunately, is of greater curiosity than utilitarian value. With respect to the physiological branch of the question, more especially, far more importance has been given to it than it merits. Whether the coloured races are or are not of separate origin from the white, they are equally the work of their Maker's hands, and the creatures of his will; and whether the former are or are not included in the Mosaic account of the creation, the authenticity of that document will stand on precisely the same grounds. Neither do we think that the political argument in favour of the negroes, is affected by the issue of this question. The justice of their cause does not depend on their being literally "our brothers," but upon their sentient and moral nature, which cannot be disputed. History, indeed, tells us that the white skin has not enjoyed any decisive patent of exemption from slavery, where the power to enslave has existed; and it is lowering the importance of the great and eternal principle of justice to place it on the contingency of a colour.

Au reste, Dr. Prichard's mode of argument by heaping an accumulation of *quasi* proofs and seeming probabilities, concerning climatic and other influences, as they bear successively on each item of difference exhibited by the several races, and then jumping to a conclusion that the resulting sum of discrepancy might depend on such causes, proves nothing. It is strictly of the nature of Horace's ludicrous horsetail argument; and will never satisfy those who are not prejudiced in favour of that side of the question. It is a question in our minds not susceptible of even an approximative solution; and by a happy dispensation, in this, as in most similar instances, the matter is but remotely connected with human happiness.

After adopting the doctrine of the origin of mankind from a single pair, Dr. Prichard takes up an investigation of the distribution of the species; and in approaching it, very judiciously gives up all hope of tracing history uninterruptedly from the patriarchal times. "So many unfathomable chasms," he says, "lie in the path, that every one of the many writers who has sought his way through the intervening wilderness, has lost himself in the obscurities of doubtful speculation. Those who wish to tread on safe ground in approaching ancient times, must, like the inductive philosophers, take the way *à posteriori*, and trace backwards the ever more and more evanescent vestiges of events." This is certainly a step in advance; and though it cannot remove the "unfathomable chasms" which intervene so as to fill up the "evanescent vestiges," it has led Dr. Prichard to the elucidation of many curious points of detail, which give their value to his labours. This part of the subject is, however, unfortunately, far too cumbrous for discussion in our pages; and we can only refer those interested in such inquiries to the Researches themselves, which, as far as the mere collection of facts goes, must long remain a text book in our language.

Excursions in and about Newfoundland in 1839-40. By J. B. Jukes, M.A.

[Second Notice.]

Mr. Jukes is an active and enterprising explorer, but, under the circumstances adverted to in our former notice, his observations were necessarily confined to the coast, and to the banks of the principal rivers, which are nearly as impassable from rocks and rapids as the country from

morasses, boulders, and tangled thickets. This but little concerns us on this occasion, as we mean to confine ourselves to a few sketches of life, manners, and country. Of life and manners, indeed, more graphic and interesting particulars may be gleaned from the journal of Archdeacon Wix, published some few years since (see *Athenæum*, No. 440); and it is strange that Sir R. Bonycastle, who has professedly given a list of all the works that treat on Newfoundland, has not mentioned that simple but interesting narrative.

Of the difficulties which the explorer would have to contend against in an attempt to penetrate the trackless wilderness, Mr. Jukes had early notice. On arriving at Brigus, in Conception Bay, one of the most thickly peopled districts, he determined to visit the hills visible at the head of the Bay.

"We took three men to carry the theodolite and hammer-bag, but I did not intrust the barometer to any one, and accordingly carried it myself. In about a quarter of a mile we came upon a newly-cut road that was intended to run from Brigus round the head of the bay towards St. John's. We travelled along this for about half a mile, but found it a mere morass, and were obliged to jump from one root of a tree to another the greatest part of the way. We then struck off across a marsh for the hills, and in a short time entered a wood. Here we found the bed of a little torrent, which enabled us to proceed some distance with tolerable ease, but when that ended we were obliged to force our way through the dense thicket, sometimes climbing over, sometimes crawling beneath, masses of fallen rotten wood, stumbling over slippery moss-covered boulders, slipping on the wet roots of trees, sliding down steep banks of rock, or tearing the clothes off our backs by dragging ourselves through the matted twigs and branches of the trees. All this while the thermometer stood at 75°, and not a breath of air could find its way to us. The smell of the woods and the turpentine exuding from the trees was as close and stifling as an oven, and the mosquitoes began to attack us by hundreds. They did not, indeed, annoy me so much, but Mr. Green's face and neck were soon running down with blood. When, after toiling in this way to the top of one ridge, we still found a ravine separating us from the hill, we were half inclined to give it up. However, taking 'heart of grace,' we plunged again into the woods, and after another stiff climb we at length found ourselves on the summit. It cost us altogether more than four hours' hard labour, although the distance was not much more than three miles from the sea-side."

Mr. Jukes, we presume, means "three miles as the crow flies"; and the Newfoundland juryman's comment on such distances is worth quoting. When upbraided by the judge for being late, the man pleaded the distance he had come as an apology. Why, said the indignant official, it is not more than seven miles as the crow flies. That may be, said the juryman, but, as I can't fly like a crow, I have to trudge seven-and-twenty.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the settlement Mr. Jukes found much of the flat lands covered with raspberry bushes; and it appears—

"That, after a fire in the woods, the first thing that covers the ground is a luxuriant growth of raspberry-bushes, which are gradually succeeded by a thick wood of birch, although previous to the fire nothing but fir and spruce may have been seen for miles."

The clearness of the waters on this coast are well known. On this subject Mr. Jukes observes:

"Although we were close inshore, it was eight or ten fathoms deep; and yet we could see the anchor lying on the bottom, and the whole length of the chain up to the surface. On the rocks nearer shore myriads of green echini completely covered the bottom of the water, except in patches where a kind of coral forming crusts an inch thick, with small round knobs rising from it, was to be seen: this coral belongs to the genus *myriapora*, and is abundant on all the coasts of Newfoundland."

On other occasions,—

"My attention was caught by something moving on the bottom twelve or fifteen feet below me, and I soon found it to be covered with lobsters. One or two of these, by means of a pointed stick, we managed to capture. The singular clearness of the water is most remarkable; when the surface is still, the echini, shell-fish, and cretines clinging to the rocks, crabs, and lobsters crawling on the bottom, fish, medusæ, and myriads of sea-creatures floating in its depths, were as clearly visible to a depth of thirty or forty feet as in air itself."

"In the passage between Trinity Island, or Lewis's Island, and the Frying-pan, the bottom of the sea consisted of huge peaks and mounds of white granite, rising from dark and deep hollows. The extreme clearness of the water rendered these cliffs and peaks all visible as we approached them, though none reached to within three or four fathoms of the surface, and the sensation experienced in sailing over them was most singular, and to me very uncomfortable. I could not look over the boat without extreme giddiness, as if suspended on some aerial height leaning over a tremendous gulf. The same sensation was described to me by a gentleman I afterwards met with, an experienced hunter and sailor, as assailing him upon his once in smooth water taking a boat within the space of some sunken rocks off the Whadham Islands, on which the water broke in bad weather. These rocks he described as three peaks rising from an apparently unfathomable depth, and the sensation, as his boat gently rose and fell between them, was so unpleasant, and indeed awful, that he gladly got away as fast as he could."

On the northern shores of Conception Bay, the delicate little capelins which are, in England, sometimes served up as a relish for breakfast, are caught in such abundance as to serve for bait to the deep-sea fishermen.

"Here I first noticed the swarms of small fish called capelin. These fish (*Salmo arcticus*) are rather longer than the herring, with slight elegantly-shaped bodies, greenish backs, and silver bellies, some of their scales being tinged with red. They are very beautiful little things, and in June and the early part of July crowd into the shores in countless myriads to deposit their spawn. The head of this little bay had a small strip of sand beach, on which was a slight rolling surf, and every heave of the wave, as it broke on the sand, strewed its margin with hundreds of capelin, leaping and glancing in the sun till the next wave swept them off and deposited a fresh multitude. The clear green of the water, margined with a belt of white foam full of these elegant creatures, glittering in the sunshine, formed altogether a most beautiful and interesting sight. We picked up a bucketful of them as we were going off, for supper and breakfast, as, when fresh, they are most delicate eating."

On a subsequent voyage along the southern coast Mr. Jukes touched at Miguelon, one of the little islands in the possession of the French, and was interested by the singular fortunes of a poor emigrant countrywoman.

"One of the gendarmes, named Ducoix, was married to a pretty young Irishwoman, whose history was rather remarkable. She had left Ireland with her father and uncle when the cholera was raging in it, and had gone with them to Quebec. On arriving at Quebec they found the cholera was very prevalent there also, and they went on to Montreal, where it was worse. At Montreal both her father and his brother were attacked and died of cholera, and she was left alone in a strange land. She managed to get back to Quebec, and there procured a passage in a vessel going to Ireland, intending to return to her friends; but the vessel was totally wrecked on the beach of Langley one night, and the crew and passengers with great difficulty saved. Here, being very young and quite destitute, she was persuaded to stop and marry the gendarme, who happened to be present, and to have assisted in rescuing her. This was six years ago, and she had now four children. His period of service was nearly out, and he expected to be ordered home the next autumn, when she hoped to be able to visit her friends. They behaved very hospitably to us, and gave us a loaf of bread and a

lot of lettuces, no contemptible present to a sea-voyager."

It is somewhat surprising, considering the number of wrecks which annually occur on this coast, from La Poile Bay to Cape Ray, on the highway, as it were, between Great Britain and her American colonies, that no lighthouse has been erected with bells or guns to give warning in case of fog. On this subject, Archdeacon Wix, who visited the country in 1835, observed:

"At the cabin in which I staid at Burnt Islands, the play-things of the children were bunches of small patent desk and cabinet keys, which had been picked up from wrecks. Beautiful old China plates and pieces of a more modern elegant breakfast set of dragon china, which had been washed ashore in the same way, were ranged upon the shelves alongside of the most common ware; and a fine huckaback towel, neatly marked with the initial letters, L. C. D., was handed me on my expressing a desire to wash my hands. This had been supplied from the wreck of a vessel in which were several ladies. To some hearts those letters, doubtless, would renew a sad period of anxiety, which preceded the intelligence of the melancholy certainty of a sad bereavement. I could not look at this relic of a toilet, now no more required, without emotions of deep interest, although I had no clue by which I could attach recollections of brilliant prospects early blighted, or pious faith exemplified in death to these three letters. Indeed, the scenes and circumstances, the very people by whom I was surrounded, roused within me a train of deeply melancholy sensations. My host may have been a humane man; his conduct to me was that of genuine hospitality; but it had been his frequent employment at intervals, from his youth till now, to lay wrecks on shore, in all stages of decomposition. There had been washed on shore here, as many as three hundred, and an hundred and fifty on two occasions, and numerous in others. This sad employment appeared to have somewhat blunted his feelings. I would not do him injustice—the bare recital of such revolting narratives, 'quorum pars magna fuit,' unmarred as such tales would naturally be, in the simpler expression of a fisherman, might give an appearance of want of a feeling, which nature may have not denied to him, and of which the scenes and occupations of his life may not have wholly divested him. I remember well my expressing my reluctance to allow him to disinter a delicate female foot, the last human relic, which the waves, or the wild cats, or the fox, or his own domestic dog, had deposited in the neighbourhood of his cabin. He had recently picked it up close to his door, and had buried it in his garden, and was very anxious to be allowed to shovel away the lingering snow, that he might indulge me with a sight of it. I suppose my countenance may have betrayed some feeling of abhorrence, when he said, 'Dear me, Sir, do let me; it would not give me any concern at all: I have had so much to do with dead bodies, that I think no more of handling them, than I do of handling so many codfish!'"

Yet it appears from Mr. Jukes's report, that nothing has yet been done to protect the seafarers on this dangerous coast.

"The whole coast between La Poile and Cape Ray seems to have been at one time or other strewn with wrecks. Every house is surrounded with old rigging, spars, masts, sails, ships' bells, rudders, wheels, and other matters. A ship's galley lay at Port aux Basques. The houses too contain telescopes, compasses, and portions of ship's furniture. I heard of several chain cables along the coast, which the people had purchased from wrecks, on the chance of raising them; and I believe they drive a regular trade in old rope and other matters, which are bought by the little schooners that run during the summer alongshore."

We were glad to find that George Harvey, to whom the Archdeacon introduced us, still lives. This man, with the assistance of his daughter, another Grace Darling, some years since saved 180 poor emigrants, who were wrecked on that coast in the brig *Despatch*. All these miserable people Harvey had to maintain for a fortnight or three weeks, and his stores were so completely exhausted, that himself and family were com-

elled to live on salt fish, with neither bread, flour, butter, nor tea, during the whole winter. Our readers will be glad to learn that George received by the hands of the Archdeacon a gold medal from government, and 100*l.* from Lloyd's, in acknowledgment of his humanity and courage. He has shown equal courage and humanity on other occasions, which, we regret to hear, have not met with a like acknowledgment; and we will quote the particulars, as they may serve to refresh the memory of the parties concerned.

"On the 14th September, 1838, he again saved twenty-five men, the crew of the ship *Rankin*, 650 tons, Alexander Mitchell, master, belonging to the house of Rankin and Gillmore, of Glasgow. She struck on a rock and went to pieces, the crew hanging on to an iron bar or rail that went round the poop. He fetched them off by six or eight at a time in his punt through a heavy surf, and kept them till they could get on to La Poile. He showed me some documents left him by the master of the vessel, but complained that he had as yet received no recompence either from the master or the house she belonged to."

George Harvey was born and bred on this inhospitable coast; he is about sixty years of age, and has a large family of sons and daughters, mostly grown up.

"In the afternoon (says Mr. Jukes) he came on board to see me, and have a glass of grog; and then nothing would do but we must all go back, and have a dance at his house along with his daughters. Accordingly, we left his punt alongside our vessel, and took him with us in our own. One of my men played the flute, and we got up a rude kind of country-dance, while he regaled us with grog and tobacco. He had written a song, which, at his request, one of his daughters sang to an old 'Down, derry-down' sort of a tune. It was a description of the wreck of the *Despatch*, embodying most of the remarkable incidents that occurred while he was fetching off the crew and passengers. The verse, as may be supposed, was rude enough; but it gave great satisfaction. Then one of my men, Bill, the flute-player, sang a song, likewise of his own composition, and descriptive of an adventure of his own, in which it appeared that he, with the rest of the crew, had abandoned a water-logged vessel off Ferryland; but, after rowing about all night, were very happy to get on board of her again the next morning. This was likewise received with considerable applause. Old George Harvey then told us of his once having seen a horse, in some settlement in Fortune Bay, and described to his family the size and appearance of this remarkable animal. The people wished, he said, to seduce him into mounting on its back; but 'He knew better than that,' although one fellow did ride it up and down several times. * * I fear the reader will, at first, hardly feel disposed to believe that there are British-born subjects, speaking the English language, in the oldest of our colonial possessions, to whom the horse is a strange animal."

Though the life of a Newfoundland settler seems, at best, but a miserable existence, we meet with an occasional landscape scene not altogether barren.

"Walking about a mile down the brook we came to a lone house at its mouth, with six or eight cows feeding on the meadows, formed by the washings of the brook and the sea. It is only in such situations, where the alluvium of a brook has room to spread itself out, that natural grass is to be seen in the country. We found only the woman and children at home, the man having gone down to fish about Placentia. They managed the cows and the salmon-nets. One of the latter was placed at the mouth of the brook, and one a mile or two up; and they told me that last year they had caught six tress of salmon. These varied in value from 3*l.* to 6*l.* currency, so that the wife was enabled to get 20*l.* or 30*l.* every summer by her own exertions, independent of the results of her husband's cod-fishing, which would probably be as much more. As they, of course, paid no rent for either house or land, and had wood for firing and boat-building at command, they were well off.

To counterbalance these advantages, however, they had no fresh meat unless when the man shot a deer,

and had to fetch their bread, salt pork, tea, sugar, and every article both of clothing and food, from Placentia, or some other distant merchant's store, where they necessarily paid high prices from the want of competition and the nature of the trade. We got here some fresh milk and butter, and four salmon, and feasted accordingly."

Another picture is still more pastoral:—

"Soon after daylight we set off in the boat for this other brook, and landed at its mouth. It was a very pretty little spot, with green meadows on each side of it, and two or three neat clean houses clustered under the shelter of a rising bank covered with green turf. Geese were feeding on the grass, ducks and poultry were scattered about, and a few cows and some sheep gave it all the appearance of a pastoral scene at home. There was actually a fence and a stile to get over into a small field with a footpath across it, a sight quite refreshing to the eyes after so many months looking at wild rocks and dreary woods. Mr. Morris, the patriarch of the settlement, came and invited me to sit down to breakfast with them, when I found plenty of fresh milk, eggs and butter, hot bread, excellent tea, and a snow-white table-cloth. * * Stephen Shears (Mr. Morris's son-in-law) came down this morning, to beg me to write some letters for them, to their friends at home. He had been an apprentice in Devonshire twenty-five years ago, and when about sixteen ran away and came out here. He served his present father-in-law as a hired labourer some time, till he gradually accumulated a little money. He had now eleven cows, three oxen, and a bull, twelve sheep, a house at the brook for a summer residence, another house in the woods for the winter, where he had also a garden: he had also a few rods of ground cleared, which he had sown this summer with French wheat, which, he said, thrived very well. A few years before he had married his old master's daughter. His father-in-law, Morris, himself originally came out as he did, without a farthing, and now they were all happy, comfortable, and independent. The only want which Shears expressed was that of books and schooling, for himself and his children, and he begged me very earnestly, if ever I came that way again, to bring him some."

What is in England called the Newfoundland dog, is, it appears, comparatively rare in the island. The common dog has a thin tapering snout, a long thin tail, and the hair is short and smooth; he is less handsome, but more sagacious. One of them, which Mr. Jukes saw, was as regular a fisher as his master.

"He sat on a projecting rock beneath a fish-flake, or stage, where the fish are laid to dry, watching the water, which had a depth of six or eight feet, and the bottom of which was white with fish-bones. On throwing a piece of cod-fish into the water, three or four heavy clumsy-looking fish, called in Newfoundland 'sculpins,' with great heads and mouths, and many spines about them, and generally about a foot long, would swim in to catch it. These he would 'set' attentively, and the moment one turned his broadside to him, he darted down like a fish-hawk, and seldom came up without the fish in his mouth. As he caught them, he carried them regularly to a place a few yards off, where he laid them down; and they told us that in the summer he would sometimes make a pile of fifty or sixty a day, just at that place. He never attempted to eat them, but seemed to be fishing purely for his own amusement. I watched him for about two hours; and when the fish did not come, I observed he once or twice put his right foot in the water, and paddled it about. This foot was white; and Harvey said he did it to 'toll' or entice the fish; but whether it was for that specific reason, or merely a motion of impatience, I could not exactly decide."

The Archdeacon also spoke of the extraordinary sagacity of these dogs:—

"An old dog is now living at Jersey Harbour, near Harbour Briton, in Fortune Bay, which has exhibited, in many instances, a degree of sagacity which will hardly be credited. He has been known to assist in carrying on shore some light spars, which the captain of a vessel in the harbour desired him to carry to the land-wash, that a boat's crew might be spared the trouble of carrying them. Another dog belonging to the same wharf has, as a volunteer, or

upon invitation, assisted him in this work for a time; but has left his work in the middle of his second turn, swimming to shore without his spar: when the first dog has quietly swam to shore with his own turn, and then sought the runaway dog, and given him a sound threshing, and used to him other arguments of a character so significant and convincing, that the runaway has returned to his work, and quietly persevered in it, till the spars which had been thrown overboard, were rafted to the shore by the sagacious animals."

Here is an account of a fisherman's wedding at St. Mary's:—

"The company, consisting of young men and women with a few of the seniors, assembled about nine o'clock, and sat round the room drinking grog for some time. Presently a fifer struck up a tune, and reels and jigs began. There was much bustling of women in and out of a back room; and about half past ten the bride was said to be ready, the music ceased, a table was brought forward, the priest put on his scapular, and the bride and bridegroom came forward and knelt before the table. The priest opened his book, asked them the usual questions in English, and rapidly read a number of Latin prayers, and the ceremony was completed. Instantly there was a struggle among the young men around for the first kiss; but as the bride was not yet off her knees, and the bridegroom was kneeling beside her, he had the best chance, and won accordingly. A plate of cake was next produced and put upon the table: the bride and bridegroom came forward, took a piece of cake, and deposited several dollars on the table before the priest. Each one in the room then came forward and took a piece of cake, leaving a dollar before the priest, who stood behind the table thanking them as they came up. I had nothing but two-dollar notes in my pocket, of which I laid down one, when Father D. took it up, looked at it, shook his head, and said, 'Ah, sir, upon my word, that's too much! A five pound note!' I was immediately held in great honour accordingly; and as I could not contradict the priest before his flock, I was obliged to receive the acknowledgments of the people with the best grace I could. He told me afterwards this was his object, and that the people would now do anything for me. When all had made their contributions, they stood round while he counted the money and declared its amount, stating it, if I recollect rightly, at something under 10*l.*, which with my 5*l.*, as he was pleased to call it, made nearly 15*l.* 'Wish it was more for your sake, sir,' was the universal response round the room. Supper was now brought in, consisting of tea and hot cakes; after which, there was more dancing and grog-drinking, nearly to the break of day."

We will now give a scene at the Court House, at Toulinguet:—

"The court-house consisted of one good-sized room, with apartments for the gaoler, and a cell or two below. A chair elevated on a platform of boards, with a table before it, was the seat of the judge. A table on the floor was set apart for the clerk of the court, and there were a few chairs placed round it for the use of the sheriff and the barristers; a bench along one side of the room was reserved for the grand jury, and a similar one opposite for the common jury. If the latter wished to consult as to their verdict, they were led out of doors by the constable, and assembled on a rock close by, where they were locked up—in imagination—till they agreed." * Some of the addresses to the court, when the plaintiffs or defendants acted as their own counsel, as well as one or two of the verdicts of the jury, were sufficiently ludicrous, and caused afterwards great merriment, but they would lose all their humour unless accompanied by the voice and action, and the simple earnestness of the speakers. The judge's vessel was a merchant-brig hired for the purpose, and fitted up fore and aft with cabins and apartments for the various law-officers, from the judge down to the constable. ** What would an English judge think of being shipped off, with all the law-officers, barristers, lawyers, clerks, and constables, and sent cruising over rough seas and along wild shores for a month or two every year?"

While exploring this eastern coast, and when on some of the uninhabited depths of Bonavista Bay, Mr. Jukes observes—

"Just before sailing this morning we landed, and, coming to a little brook, I fastened a hook to a piece of twine I had in my pocket, and, tying that to a small stick, we jigged two dozen of trout for our breakfast. We then dropped down to Bread Cove, where we landed, and went into a pond about half a mile in search of game, but were unsuccessful. At the mouth of a little brook in this cove there were signs of former habitations, a cleared space or two, namely, in which raspberry-bushes were growing, and in one spot we found a grave neatly raised in and covered with wild roses. A piece of plank had been raised for a grave-stone, on which were two initials carved, and the date of 1755."

Let us now see how they contrive to pass the winter months at the capital:—

"During Christmas, they amused themselves by what seemed the relics of an old English custom, which, I believe, was imported from the West of England, where it still lingers. Men, dressed in all kinds of fantastic disguises, and some in women's clothes, with gaudy colours and painted faces, and generally armed with a bladder full of pebbles tied to a kind of whip, paraded the streets, playing practical jokes on each other and on the passers by, performing rude dances, and soliciting money or grog. They called themselves Fools and Mummers. The merchants and higher classes shut up their books and neglected their various employments, and amused themselves with sleighing parties to various points where the roads were open; while general series of dinner parties commenced, varied now and then by an evening party and a dance. There was an amateur theatre, the profits of which were devoted to charitable purposes, and a performance took place once a fortnight, in which their several parts were well sustained both by the actors and the audience. There were, moreover, two public balls, for charitable institutions, that were well got up and numerously attended. In short, there was no lack of amusement, till the preparations for the sealing voyage began, towards the middle of February, to draw off the attention both of masters and men to the more serious business of life."

Here we shall conclude. Mr. Jukes, by way of employing the leisure which the winter afforded, embarked on a sealing expedition. This life of adventure and peril is very vividly described; but after all it is a disgusting business, and the more faithful the description, the more disgusting.

The Complete Works of Lucian, Greek and Latin. Paris and London, Firmin Didot.

This edition of the works of Lucian deserves our commendation, not only because it is the only complete collection of his literary remains attainable at a moderate price, but also because it exhibits a uniform and correct text, revised by the celebrated Dindorf. Hitherto Lucian has been known to the majority of scholars only by selections, which convey but a faint and inadequate notion of his "infinite variety." Murphy's edition of the *Dialogues*, which was long the only one used in our English schools, came from an editor notoriously deficient both in learning and in taste; it was a mere booksellers' job, which brought large profits to the trade and no advantage to anybody else. Bishop Stock edited a much better and more scholarlike selection, but he only inserted his favourite pieces; Walker's edition of the *Dialogues* is designed for beginners, and, though admirable as a school-book, is not suited to advanced scholars. We have, indeed, a lumbering translation of Lucian's works by Franklin, but it is incomplete as a collection, and too pedantic in its style to represent the easy flowing humour of the original. A few dialogues were "done into English" by Dryden and his friends, but they too frequently travestie Greek humour by English slang. We, therefore, gladly receive such a cheap and portable edition as that before us, and shall take advantage of it to give some account of the life and writings of an author, who has himself con-

tributed largely to the amusement of mankind, and who ranks among his followers and imitators some of the most distinguished names in modern literature.

There are, indeed, few ancient authors who have been more frequently imitated than Lucian. His dialogues exposing the absurdities of paganism were the model for those in which Erasmus ridiculed the follies of monkish superstition; his "Imaginary Conversations" have been copied by a host of able imitators; his "True History" suggested the works of Rabelais, Gulliver's Travels, and the Tale of a Tub; from his "Lucius" Le Sage took his episode of the cavern in Gil Blas; and from the same source both Apuleius and Macchiavelli borrowed the outlines of their celebrated "Asses"; Dryden confessedly derived some of his best canons of criticism from the "Art of Writing History"; and some of Shakespeare's most humorous scenes in "Timon of Athens" are from Lucian's dialogue bearing the same title. Lucian was the Voltaire of antiquity,—blessed, or cursed, with a mocking spirit, which led him "to run a-muck and tilt with all he met"; he was the great Iconoclast of literature; idol-breaking was not merely the amusement, it was the business of his life; and the more popular the idol, the more certain was it to encounter his hostility. Gods, philosophers, and poets were special objects of his satire; he treated Jupiter as an impostor, Socrates as a knave, and Homer as a humbug. Their followers assailed him for such sacrilege, and he answered them by apologies ten times more sarcastic than the original attack. Against hypocrisy of every kind he waged war, in which quarter was neither given nor taken; and he was, consequently, persecuted by all the quacks in philosophy, religion, literature, or politics between the Euphrates and the Tiber. One can scarcely say "Peace to his ashes," for he gave none to those of other people: in his "Dialogues of the Dead" he rakes up every scandalous tale that can be related of the heroes of antiquity, and, in addition, sets the ghosts to ridicule the vices and follies of his contemporaries.

Of his life we know little more than what he has been pleased to tell us. He was born towards the middle of the second century at Samosata, a little town in Syria. His father, according to Suidas, was an architect or statuary, but this is a mere conjecture. It is certain that he was not very wealthy, for Lucian declares that he was apprenticed at a very early age to his maternal uncle, in order that he might learn the profession of a sculptor, and thus be enabled to contribute to the support of his family. These and other particulars of his early and domestic history serve as an introduction to an amusing parody on "The Choice of Hercules." He avers that on this memorable night, Sculpture and Learning appeared to him in a dream, each soliciting him to become her follower. The remembrance of a whipping, received from his uncle, seconded the eloquence of the latter. Lucian decided in favour of learning, and declares that he never had reason to repent his choice.

Lucian studied rhetoric and the liberal arts at Antioch, which he afterwards taught in Gaul; after some time he removed to Athens, where he assumed the fashionable profession of a philosopher. "Timon" was probably designed as an announcement of his system, if that can be called a system which consisted in tearing all others to pieces; it was a daring bravado to a city which still retained the character given it by St. Paul of being "too superstitious." The opening of this piece is excellent. Timon reduced to poverty, abandoned by his friends, and toiling with his spade to gain a miserable subsistence, turns up his eyes to heaven, and with

the bitter irony of despair salutes Jupiter, hurling at him a volley of epithets culled from the countless hymns dedicated to his praise.

O friend-defending, stranger-helping, life-enjoying, house-protecting, lightning-sending, promise-binding, cloud-compelling, thunder-crashing Jupiter, and if the moon-struck poets call you anything else, especially when they halt in the verse, for then your multitudinous names sustain the tottering measure and fill the gaping line,—where now is your wide-flashing lightning,—where your loud-roaring thunder,—where your flaming, blazing, terrifying bolts? It is manifest that they are nothing better than idle names and sounding nonsense. That weapon so celebrated, so far-darting, and so ready, is now extinct and cold, not retaining a spark of celestial ire against the ungodly.

Jupiter, astonished, as well he might be, at such an irreverent salutation, inquires from Mercury who was this impudent votary. Having received an explanation, he sends Pluto to restore Timon to wealth, and the misanthrope becomes richer than ever. The news spreads through Athens; Timon's old flatterers come in succession to obtain a share of his good fortune, but he sends off each with a broken head. One of the best scenes is with the orator Demea, who brings the draft of a decree for crowning Timon with a military garland, though he had never served.

Demea. Such, Timon, is the substance of the decree; but I wished to bring my son with me, whom I have called Timon, after your name.—Timon. How can that be, Demea, for to my knowledge you never have been married?—Demea. But I'll marry next year, please God, and my first born, for it will be a male, I now name Timon.—Timon. I cannot say whether you will marry after receiving such a blow as this.—Demea. Oh!—oh!—Timon you aim at tyranny, striking free men, though you have no claim to citizenship yourself; but you will soon be punished, having set fire to the citadel.—Timon. The citadel has not been set on fire, you scoundrel.—Demea. And furthermore, you have robbed the Treasury, and thus obtained your wealth.—Timon. The Treasury has not been robbed, so that your lies have not even the merit of plausibility.—Demea. But it will be robbed hereafter, and you now possess all that it contains.

The philosopher is not better treated than the orator. But Lucian gave much greater offence to the Athenian schools by another and more singular *jeu d'esprit*, called the 'Auction of Slaves.' The heads of all the philosophic sects are represented as slaves brought to the auction mart, and the conversations between them and their purchasers afford opportunities for ridiculing their peculiar tenets. The scene between Pyrrho and his purchaser has been imitated by Molière in 'Le Mariage Forcé,' when Sganarelle goes to consult the sceptical philosopher. Lucian's exposure of the folly of the Sceptics is, in our opinion, more direct than Molière's.

Mercury. Pyrrho, step forward. Make proclamation with all speed, for many are going away, and the market will be confined to a few. Who will buy?—Purchaser. I will, but I must first ask some questions. Tell me, good fellow, what do you know?—Pyrrho. Nothing.—Pur. What do you mean?—Pur. Simply that nothing appears to me to exist.—Pur. Are we then bodices?—Pur. I know not.—Pur. Are you any body yourself?—Pur. That I know still less.—Pur. Bless me! what a state of doubt! What is the use of those scales?—Pur. I weigh and balance arguments in them; and when the scales are equally balanced, I cannot tell on which side truth preponderates.—Pur. But what is the end of your knowledge?—Pur. Neither to know, hear, nor see anything.—Pur. In that case you declare yourself to be blind and deaf.—Pur. And, furthermore, void of sense and intelligence, differing in nothing from a worm.—Pur. Well, I must buy you. What's his price?—Mer. An Attic minn.—Pur. Take it. Harkye my good fellow, have I bought you?—Pur. That is an uncertainty.—Pur. Not at all; I bought you and paid the money.—Pur. I suspend my judgment on the matter, and doubt.—Pur. Come, follow me as a

purchased slave should.—Pur. Who knows whether you speak the truth?—Pur. The auctioneer, and the money, and the spectators.—Pur. Are there then any persons here present?—Pur. I'll send you straight to the workhouse, and prove myself your master by the *argumentum à deteriori*.—Pur. I suspend my judgment on this matter also.—Pur. By my word I'll soon give you conviction.—Mer. Put an end to your quibbling, and follow your master.

This dialogue gave great offence to all the Athenian schools: the Cynics complained that Diogenes had been sold as a bad bargain for twopence; the Epicureans were enraged because Aristippus had been left on hand as a bad lot, and all parties were indignant at the insinuations thrown out against the moral character of Socrates. Lucian declared that his objects had been misunderstood, and published a new dialogue, entitled 'The Fisherman,' as his explanation and apology. In this the philosophers are represented as having obtained leave from Pluto to revisit earth, for the purpose of taking revenge on 'Free-speaker,' (Lucian's *nom de guerre*,) who had satirized them so unmercifully. They overtake him after a smart chase; but while they are deliberating what punishment to inflict, he begs to be heard in his own defence, offering to plead before the tribunal of Philosophy herself, his pursuers sitting with her as judges. The trial takes place in the citadel of Athens; Free-speaker is honourably acquitted, on the ground that he did not so much satirize the old philosophers, as the impostors who abused their names, by pretending to be their disciples. He then takes rod and line, baits his hook with gold and figs, makes a cast from the walls of the Acropolis, and fishes up several pretenders to philosophy, who are easily convicted of avarice and gluttony. It is obvious that the persons hooked and exposed were persons well known in Athens at the time; there is no mistaking the individuality of the portraiture. Lucian was now at open war with his brethren of the schools; they seem to have rendered his position very uneasy, for in all the dialogues which appear to have been written at this period of his life, there is a cynical contempt for wealth united to apologies for poverty, which seem very like efforts to reconcile himself to his lot. At length, through the patronage of a friend, he obtained a lucrative situation in Egypt, where he devoted all his intervals of leisure to literature. Nothing is known of the time of his death. The credulous Suidas says that he was torn to pieces by dogs, because, in one of his dialogues (*The Death of Peregrinus*), he had ridiculed the Christians! On the other hand, many of the early fathers regarded Lucian as a valuable auxiliary, on account of the ability with which he had exposed the absurdities of Paganism.

The mere catalogue of Lucian's writings would occupy a considerable space; they are all replete with humour, equalled only by Aristophanes amongst ancient writers. His style is easy and flexible; his originality of thought gives an air of novelty to the tritest subjects; and his shrewd conceptions of character, life and reality to his 'Imaginary Conversations,' which entitle him to a high rank amongst dramatic writers. Our attention, however, must be confined to such writings as have had influence on modern literature, and among these 'Lucius, or the Ass,' holds a foremost rank, for it was imitated by Apuleius, Macchiavelli, and Le Sage.

'Lucius' is one of the earliest specimens of a romantic tale. The fragments of the Milesian Tales, the brief collection of Parthenius, and the abstracts of Conon's stories by Photinus, Patriarch of Alexandria, are, indeed, older specimens of romance, but 'Lucius' is the most perfect of the early examples of a class of compositions, unknown in the flourishing periods of

Greek literature, but the most popular of any literary form that has ever been devised. The outline of the story may be briefly told. Lucius, a young Greek from the Peloponnesus, having business in Thessaly, visits the town of Hypata, then regarded as the metropolis of magical arts. He is entertained at the house of Hipparchus, to whom he had brought letters of introduction, and he soon discovers that the wife of his host was an enchantress of extraordinary power. By means of the servant-maid, whose favour he had won, he secretly witnesses the transformation of the enchantress into a bird, through the effect of a certain magical unguent. He is seized with an irresistible desire to use the same ointment, and induces the servant to steal the box from the cabinet of her mistress. She brings the wrong box; the ointment with which Lucius is rubbed transforms him into an ass; the girl bitterly laments the error, but tells him that he would be restored to his former shape by eating rose leaves; as these, however, could not be obtained before morning, she leads him to pass the night in the stable. During the night the house is stormed by robbers; Lucius is taken to carry the booty to their den. His adventures among the robbers suggested those of Gil Blas in the cave of Roldando. Our readers will doubtless be glad to see the original to which Le Sage was indebted:

Three days after, about midnight, the robbers returned, bringing with them neither gold nor silver, nor any other plunder but a lovely maiden in the bloom of youth. She bewailed her wretched fate, tearing her vest and her hair. The robbers threw her on a couch, begged her to keep up her spirits, and commanded the old hag to remain with her as a watch. The poor girl would neither eat nor drink, but continued to weep and tear her hair; so that I, who was tethered near her at the manger, could not help braying for sympathy.

Lucius soon becomes weary of his association with the robbers; he counterfeits lameness, as Gil Blas shams sickness, and is left behind when they next go out on a marauding expedition:

When they were gone, I said to myself, wretch, will you wait here until vultures and the sons of vultures make a supper on your carcass? Did you not hear the fate with which you were threatened as a useless beast? The robbers are gone; save yourself by flight. As I thus meditated, I found that I was unthethered and saw my halter hanging at a little distance. This strengthened my determination, and I set off at a gallop. But the old hag seeing my flight, clung fast to my tail, whilst I, deeming it disgraceful to be held by such a wretch, dragged her over the rough pavement. She shouted for aid to the captive maiden; the young lady came, and seeing the hag clinging to me like a tail, at once formed a heroic resolution, which would have been worthy of a brave man; she leaped upon my back, spurred at my sides, whilst I, eager for flight, sprung forward with the speed of a race horse.

Lucius and the donkey are unfortunately taken; they are brought back to the cave, where they find that the old hag had hanged herself, lest she should be suspected of having favoured their escape. The robbers resolve to put the lady and Lucius to a cruel death; but they are rescued by her lover and conveyed to a place of safety.

The subsequent adventures of Lucius lead him to witness the scenes of profligacy which make the second century one of the darkest in the annals of humanity. They are described with great spirit, but with a freedom and strength of colouring which render most of them unfit for quotation. In the end the human propensities of the ass are discovered; he is exhibited as a curiosity.—Swift has adopted many of the incidents which arise during the exhibition in his description of Gulliver's show at Brobdignag. On one of his public days, Lucius fortunately obtains possession of a rose, and by chewing a leaf is restored to his former shape.

The 'True History' is the earliest specimen of imaginary travels which we possess; its object is to raise a laugh against the Sir John Mandevilles of antiquity, and the author very candidly states his purpose in the introduction:

I write about things which I neither felt, saw, nor heard from others, which neither exist nor can exist. I therefore warn my readers not to believe a word of them.

It is curious that the Atlantic Ocean should be the chief scene of these adventures; indeed, the motive assigned for the imaginary voyage, is to discover what lands lay beyond it. Hence, and from the well-known passage in Seneca's tragedies, we may conclude, that the possible existence of land beyond the Atlantic was a subject of discussion among the ancients. The adventures of the pretended travellers, who visit the Moon, the Sun, some of the stars, and the Islands of the Happy, are for the most part monstrous exaggerations, not always in the punkest style. We must except the scenes with the ghosts in the Blessed Islands, which Swift has rather feebly copied. Lucian has not let slip so fair an opportunity of making sport with the philosophers. We find Socrates threatened with expulsion from the company of the Blessed on account of his depraved morals; Plato absenting himself because he had founded a city on the model of his ideal republic; and Homer regarded as a bore by the very heroes he celebrated:

Aristippus, indeed, and Epicurus were prime favourites, because they were pleasant fellows and jolly companions. Aesop, the Phrygian, was present, and acted as buffoon to the company. But Diogenes had so far changed his old habits, that he had married the courtesan Lais, was continually drunk, and playing off the most riotous pranks. None of the Stoics had yet arrived; they were said to be still climbing their lofty hill of virtue. It was reported that the Academics wished to come, but they doubted, and suspended their judgments; indeed, they had not yet determined whether these islands had any existence.

Lucian's 'Icaro-Menippus' is sometimes classed among Imaginary Travels, but it belongs rather to the category of moral or philosophic fictions. Menippus, unable to find truth on earth, makes wings, like Icarus, and flies to seek her in heaven. The Lady Moon stops him on his way, and gives him a message to Jupiter, complaining of the ill-treatment she received from philosophers:-

They seem to have no other business than to enter into curious discussions respecting my size, my distance, and the reasons why I am sometimes round, sometime gibbous, and sometimes a crescent. Some say that I am inhabited, others assert that I am suspended like a mirror over the sea, others apply to me the first invention that occurs to their fancy. Finally, they say that my light itself is stolen or borrowed from the sun; nor do they cease trying to make a quarrel between my brother and me.

Menippus proceeds onward to Jupiter, and informs the astonished god that his reign on earth is well nigh over, in consequence of the spread of philosophic infidelity. Jupiter convenes an assembly of the gods, and a decree is passed for the extermination of philosophers. One incident in this celestial journey deserves to be quoted, on account of the frequent allusions made to it by the English essayists:-

After we had chatted for some time, Jupiter led me to the place where he is accustomed to hear the prayers of his petitioners. The floor was pierced with several apertures like the mouths of wells, secured by trap-doors, beside each of which was a golden chair. Jupiter sat down on the first of them, and opened the trap-door to admit the prayers of suppliants. . . Jupiter allowed the just prayers to come in, and placed them by his side; but he puffed back wicked supplications, refusing them admittance into heaven. I noticed that in some cases he was uncertain how to act. For two persons seeking contrary boons, and promising equal sacrifices, he did

not know to which he should assent; he therefore adopted the plan of the Academics, and assented to nothing, but like Pyrrho suspended his judgment, and took the matter into consideration.

Lucian's essays were among the models which Addison and Steele selected for imitation in the Spectator and Guardian; he is the first in merit, if not in time, of those writers who brought comic fictions to aid moral lessons. In these pieces his humour is sometimes too broad and farcical, approaching the coarseness of Swift, but in others, especially the Charon, his inventions are not less chaste and ingenious than the Vision of Mirza. The 'Charon' is a dramatic essay on the vanity of human life. The grim ferryman of the dead obtains leave of absence from Pluto, and comes up to survey the things of earth. He meets Mercury, and takes him as a guide. They resolve to prepare a place for the survey. Homer's verses are declared to be spells capable of working miracles; no sooner does Mercury pronounce-

On Ossa Pelion nods with all his groves,
that the mountains are piled upon each other as
when the giants made the attempt to restore
heaven. A second spell,—

Lo! from the eight all mortal mists are driven,
And to thy view are opened earth and heaven.

The varied aspects of human life are then presented in succession to Charon's view, and are dismissed with the emphatic commentary, which Cowper has borrowed from the passage,—

All these, life's rambling journey done,
Shall find one home, the grave.

Here we must pause. It remains only to say a few words on a subject which has sometimes led to very erroneous conceptions of the author's design. In 'The Death of Peregrinus' Lucian exposes an impostor, who, amongst other tricks, raised large contributions from the early Christians by pretending to be a convert. This has been represented as an attack upon Christianity! It might have been so intended, but in its effect it is a valuable, because an unsuspicious testimony to the early purity of the Church; the pictures of mutual affection, benevolence, and charity are not the less pleasing because the exercise of these qualities is wasted on a hypocrite; on the contrary, the profligacy of Peregrinus sets off by contrast the moral purity and kindness of those who hastened to relieve the wants of a brother in distress, without waiting to inquire into his moral character. We do not therefore agree with those who place the death of Peregrinus in the class of infidel assaults on Christianity: we would rather rank it among the involuntary evidences.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Percival Keene, by Capt. Marryat. 3 vols.—After the long silence in which Capt. Marryat has indulged, a new work from his pen ought to be eagerly welcomed. The title of 'Percival Keene' will prepare the world for an antagonistic novel to 'Peter Simple': and yet, bearing some slight difference in the qualities and characteristics *novelized*,—and admitting the superior freshness of the elder work,—the two tales are written so completely on the same plan, that we might read them in alternate chapters, without any fatal mischief done to the interests of either. In manufacturing a plot, Capt. Marryat is as unskilled as he is skilful in contriving adventures. The latter come at his call: from the first moment, when Percival is the torment of his grandmother, to the final page, when the last drops of the never-failing golden shower, which the Captain loves to rain on his favourites, fall on his head—the hero is the same preternaturally tricksy, shrewd, successful being—always in scrapes, always on Fortune's high way, but never run over by the many untoward circumstances which travel the same road: alike the favourite of Tommy Dott, the "ne'er-do-well" midshipman, and of Bob Cross, the humble, but honest Achates whom Capt. Marryat could not manage his book without,—and of Mammy Chrissabell, the per-

plexed creole—and of the proud and stately Cap. Delmar, in whose pride and stateliness lies the mystery of the book. We had forgotten the *Pirate Captain*, with whom our hero was, perhaps, the greatest favorite of all. As to the incidents, we cannot pretend to sketch them: the jokes again are too numerous, for our taste; but they raise a laugh, and the public are not over scrupulous. Our review would not, perhaps, be complete, without a specimen of the young Percival's keenness:

"The second day after our return to Spithead, I was sent on shore in the cutter to bring off a youngster who was to join the ship; he had never been to sea before: his name was Green, and he was as green as a gooseberry. I took a dislike to him the moment that I saw him, because he had a hooked nose and very small ferret eyes. As we were pulling on board, he asked me a great many questions of all kinds, particularly about the captain and officers, and to amuse myself and the boat's crew, who were on the full titter, I exercised my peculiar genius for invention. At last, after I had given a character of the first lieutenant, which made him appear a sort of marine ogre, he asked how it was I got on with him: 'O, very well,' replied I; 'but I'm a freemason, and so is he; and he's never severe with a brother mason.' 'But how did he know you were a mason?' 'I made the sign to him the very first time that he began to scold me, and he left off almost immediately; that is, when I made the second sign; he did not when I made the first.' 'I should like to know these signs. Won't you tell them to me?' 'Tell them to you! oh no, that won't do,' replied I. 'I don't know you. Here we are on board,—in bow—rowed of all men. Now, Mr. Green, I'll show you the way up.' Mr. Green was presented and ushered into the service much in the same way as I was; but he had not forgotten what I said to him, relative to the first lieutenant; and it so happened that, on the third day, he witnessed a jobation, delivered by the first lieutenant to one of the midshipmen, who, venturing to reply, was ordered to the mast-head for the remainder of the day, added to which, a few minutes afterwards, the first lieutenant ordered two men to put both legs in irons. Mr. Green trembled as he saw the men led away by the master-at-arms, and he came to me—'I do wish, Keene, you would tell me those signs,' said he; 'can't you be persuaded to part with them?' 'I'll give you anything that I have which you may like.' 'Well,' said I, 'I should like to have that long spy-glass of yours; for it's a very good one, and as signal midshipman, will be useful to me.' 'I'll give it you, with all my heart,' replied he, 'if you will tell me the signs.' 'Well, then, come down below, give me the glass, and I will tell them to you.' Mr. Green and I went down to the birth, and I received the spy-glass as a present, in due form. I then led him to my chest in the steerage, and in a low, confidential tone, told him as follows:—'You see, Green, you must be very particular about making those signs, for if you make a mistake, you will be worse off than if you never made them at all; for the first lieutenant will suppose that you are trying to persuade him that you are a mason, when you are not. Now, observe, you must not attempt to make the first sign until he has scolded you well; then, at any pause, you must make it; thus, you see, you must put your thumb to the tip of your nose, and extend your right hand from it, with all your fingers separated as wide as you can. Now, do it as I did it. Stop—wait a little, till that marine passes. Yes, that is it. Well, that is considered the first proof of your being a mason, but it requires a second. The first lieutenant will, I tell you frankly, be, or rather pretend to be, in a terrible rage, and will continue to rail at you; you must, therefore, wait a little till he pauses, and then, you observe, put up your thumb to your nose, with the fingers of your hand spread out as before, and then add it to your other hand by joining your other thumb to the little finger of the hand already up, and stretch your other hand and fingers out like the first. Then you will see the effects of the second sign. Do you think you can recollect all this? for, as I said before, you must make no mistake.' Green put up his hands as I told him, and after three or four essays declared himself perfect, and I left him. It was about three days afterwards that Mr. Green upset a kid of dirty water upon the lower deck, which had been dry holystoned,

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and the mate of the lower deck, when the first lieutenant went his round, reported the circumstance to exculpate himself. Mr. Green was consequently summoned on the quarter deck, and the first lieutenant, who was very angry, commenced as usual, a volley of abuse on the unfortunate youngster. Green, recollecting my instructions, waited till the first lieutenant had paused, and then made the first freemason sign, looking up very boldly at the first lieutenant, who actually drew back with astonishment at this contemptuous conduct, hitherto unwitnessed on board of a man-of-war. "What! Sir," cried the first lieutenant. "Why, Sir, are you mad?—you, just come into the service, treating me in this manner! I can tell you, Sir, that you will not be three days longer in the service—no, Sir, not three days; for either you leave the service or I do. Of all the impudence, of all the insolence, of all the contempt, I have heard of, this beats all—and from such a little animal as you. Consider yourself as under an arrest, Sir, till the captain comes on board, and your conduct is reported: go below, Sir, immediately." The lieutenant paused, and now Green gave him sign the second, as a reply, thinking that they would then come to a right understanding; but, to his astonishment, the first lieutenant was more furious than ever, and calling the sergeant of marines, ordered him to take Mr. Green down, and put him in irons, under the half-deck."

This we imagine, will content our readers, and spare us the necessity of treating them to the calomel sandwiches, with which our hero, in his corduroy days, regaled his schoolmaster, or to the fabrication by which, to secure the favour of a haughty father, he spread the report of his mother's death. In short, with all Capt. Marryat's cleverness, the last of his sea-heroes is not the most engaging. We are amused with the adventures, but care nothing for the principal actor in them.

The Salamandrine: or Love and Immortality, by Charles Mackay.—Of Mr. Mackay's graceful fancy and command over the varieties of lyrical metre, the readers of this journal have had more than one opportunity of judging:—they know him, too, as skilful among the modern romancers. Here, he displays his attributes in combination: and 'Love and Immortality' ought to sustain, if it do not increase, the reputation he has already gained. We prefer to speak of this poem by its second title, because in its first, as also in the name of the heroine, *Anemethys*, is intimated that slight defect of taste, which is its main fault. Such a fantasy piece belongs to antique Gothic times, and the age of Gnomes, Fairies, and Fire-spirits, ere these Delta Crusan names were current in the world. We will not forestall the invention of Mr. Mackay's legend, by disclosing more concerning it, than that it is based on the idea of a knight beguiled from earthly delights and desires, by the love of a spirit; and the inevitable trials to which so ill-advised a passion condemns him. The opening stanza promise just such picturesque combinations of natural objects as form a befitting frame-work to a vision of fancy.

The Watch-Fire.

Told and misty broke the morn
Through clouds and vapours dun,
When thrice ten thousand men advanced,
Elate with battles won,
To meet the foe in mortal strife,
Ere rising of the sun.
Short was the day, but ere its light
Had faded from the west,
Ten thousand men lay cold and dead
On earth's enshrouding breast,
And the snow where passed those angry hosts,
So virgin white before,
Was trodden black by prancing horse,
And dyed with human gore.
And now 'tis night,—and chill and bleak
The wind goes moaning by;
Cold, bitter cold—the stars shine out
From a hard and frosty sky;
And crisp and brittle to the tread
Is the weary waste of snow:—
Poor and survivors of the fight!
How shall they pass this wintry night,
And brave the blasts that blow?
The sentry walks his lonely round,
Stamping his feet upon the ground,
And prays that morn would come
Before its customary time;
Or ere his tongue grow stiff and dumb,
Or ere his very eyes congeal;
For the sharp winds pierce into his flesh
Like javelins of steel.

The forest trees, at break of morn,
Stand proudly every one,
The hoar-frost, on their leafless boughs,
Shone brightly in the sun.
Now, here and there, upon the earth,
Their trunks extended lie,
To pile upon a hundred fires,
That pour their smoke on high;
And merrily they burn and crack,
And flush the wintry sky.

Ten thousand sad and shivering men
Are gathered round about,
Faint with the fighting of that day,
Or wounded in the rout.
Hushed is the thunder of the guns,
That with the morning broke;
And the weary men lie down to rest,
Each muffled in his cloak.

Close to the fires they gather all,
To warm their freezing feet,
And rub their stiff and torpid palms
In the reviving heat;
And ever and anon they raise,
With joyous shouts, the smouldering blaze,
To scare away the wolves that yell
By the outposts of the sentinel,
And the birds obscene that croke and jar,
And snuff the carnage from afar.

And one fire, brighter than the rest,
Mounts cheerily on high,
And weaves pale wreaths of curling smoke,
Fantastic to the sky.
Five score men are stretched around—
So weary worn are they,
They could not sleep a sounder sleep,
If on elder-down they lay,
With sheltering draperies of silk,
And sheets and blankets white as milk.

One of the sleepers is a youth,
Of twenty years, not more,—
His lineage high, his bearing proud,—
And the name his fathers bore
Was never stained by sire or son,
Or any that came before.
He is the captain of the hand.
And he sleeps among the rest,
On the cold damp ground,
With his mantle round,
And his hands upon his breast.

The Climate of the South of Devon, &c. by Thomas Shapter, M.D.—*The Curative Influence of the Climate of Pau, &c.* by A. Taylor, M.D.—*An Account of Askern and its Mineral Springs*, by Edwin Lankaster, M.D.—*Description of the Mineral Springs of Aix-la-Chapelle and Boree*, by L. Wetzel, M.D.—*Cur moriatur homo*, suid the Salernitan monk, cui salvia crescit in horto,—"why should a man die who grows sage in his garden?"—The worthies of the present day, who preside over the thousand and one sanitary localities, where health is thought to sport in the waters, or to wanton in the air, may each ask the same question. Nay, Mr. Claridge demands no other guarantee for immortality, than an unlimited credit with the Aldgate pump; while Hahnemann promises to vanquish the arch-enemy, death, (and by consequence his alliterative yoke-fellow into the bargain) with the decillionth part of a drop of nothing. Yet so perverse are the children of men, and so recalcitrant against all good advice, that they go on dying, as if no such offers were within their reach; and cemeteries multiply in the land, till the corn lords run a chance of being elbowed out of the country. This ill-judged obstinacy has given birth to much suspicion of the promises of such gaping professors, as Horace would call them, and of the remedies which they vaunt so magniloquently. Where so much is promised and so little performed, the good that is effected is lost to sight; and exaggerated expectation gives place to needless distrust. It cannot be denied that mineral springs are the favourite haunts of empiricism, or that localities are too frequently puffed in the personal interest of the author; and the sum total of their concurrent testimony is, that everything is good for everything. But, as Dr. Taylor observes, "to set forth that all mineral waters are equally suited to all chronic maladies, is to declare one of two things, either that the waters are an universal remedy, and that diseases present the same symptoms, the same seat, and the same causes, or that the medicament is proper to all,—that is to say, without intrinsic power,—and its efficacy owing only to the journey and to the distractions which it causes." But the promises of quacks derive their mischievous energy from the credulity of the public which trusts them; and no small part of the general disappointment experienced by the traveller in search of health, proceeds from that commonest con-

comitant of credulity, presumption. Patients (or rather impatient) read the guides to the temples of Hygeia with avidity; and set out on their own judgment to the place that happens to hit their fancy. The failure which almost necessarily results is laid to the account of the remedy so abused, to the manifest injury of its reputation. Again, remedial measures are available only against curable diseases. Yet, we have ourselves seen the different springs of Germany haunted, not merely by confirmed invalids, but by persons so advanced in age as to be ripe for the sickle, and who return home—if they do return home—swelling with invective against the fountain which has not proved itself the fountain of youth. These various causes of discontent will account for an inconsiderable part of the distrust which some persons of marked shrewdness express for foreign watering places, and for the honest dislike which many medical men entertain of sending their patients to distant places, as they tell you, to die. For our own parts, it is needless to say, that our opinion lies midway between these extremes. We hold that there are cases of malady much more efficaciously treated by certain mineral springs, than by drugs; and we are sure that there are states of constitution, in which a judicious change of climate may prolong life, and often re-establish health. But not only is the change of domicile an evil not lightly to be encountered, but the choice of a place of residence, in each particular case, is a matter of deep concernment, and determinable only on such considerations as the best medical adviser can alone appreciate. We do not recommend, therefore, the very best works on these subjects to the indiscriminate perusal of our readers. The lighter and more readable volumes convey little real information; and the graver and more strictly professional, are beyond the intelligence of the lay reader. Of the works before us, we shall, therefore, only say, that the first two are far more than guide-books. Mr. Shapter's volume contains much statistical information, with very minute local details, that may be advantageously consulted by the medical man, before he recommends any specific residence in Devonshire to his patient. Mr. Taylor, in his closely printed volume, seems to have exhausted the medical statistics of the Pyrenees, and he has also given ample details of natural history. Dr. Lankaster's production will be acceptable to all to whom Askern possesses an interest. The waters are of a sulphureous character, and, we believe, of some celebrity—and the book contains a great deal of information relating to the locality, besides what relates to the mineral springs. The work on Aix-la-Chapelle may be consulted by those to whom the subject is new. It is a professed panegyric on springs which have maintained their reputation through long centuries. We do not, however, observe that Mr. Wetzel's work contains much which was not already known through the writings of his predecessors.

List of New Books.—Combe's (Andrew) *Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy*, new edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Robinson's (W.) *Self-Education, or Facts and Principles Illustrative of the Value of Mental Culture*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, by T. Martin, Accountant, new edit. 18mo. 3s. cl.—The Sea-Pie, illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, Vol. I. roy. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Ann Layle, a Simple Narrative, by Charlotte Philpot, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Claridge's (R. T.) *Hydropathy*, new edit. 8vo. 5s. swd.—The Child at Home, an Illustrated Magazine for the Young, Vol. I. fe. 2s. 6d. cl.—How did England become an Oligarchy? by Jonathan Duncan, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Yearsley on the enlarged Tonsil, &c., royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Dr. Wilson on the Cold-Water Cure, new edit. 8vo. 4s. 6d. swd.—The Principles and Practice of Medicine, by John Elliotson, M.D., new edit. 8vo. 25s. cl.—Gurney's (J. J.) *Observations on the Views and Practices of the Society of Friends*, new edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—The Parish Constable's Act, with Notes, &c. by W. G. Lumley, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Family Secrets, by Mrs. Ellis, Vol. II., 8vo. 12s. cl.—Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Vol. II. 4to. 1l. 8s. cl.—Major's Latin Grammar, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—White's New Tithe Amendment Act, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Cowe's (Rev. J.) *Parochial Sermons*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Hamilton's (Rev. W. K.) *Morning and Evening Sacrifices*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Importunate Prayer, Extracted from an Exposition of the Twenty-second Psalm, by the Rev. John Stevenson, 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Youthful Christian, by the Rev. J. Burns, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Archbishop Usher's Whole Works, Vol. V. 8vo. 12s. cl.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for AUGUST, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,
BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

AUG.	9 o'clock, A.M.				3 o'clock, P.M.				External Thermometers.	Rain in inches fall off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Dew Point at 9 A.M., deg. Fahr.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb.				
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Fahrenheit.	Self-registering				
M 1	30.340	30.334	62.5	30.310	30.302	64.0	53	03.5	58.0	67.3	55.5	67.0
T 2	30.230	30.226	62.0	30.112	30.108	64.5	54	05.0	60.0	70.6	55.0	69.0
W 3	30.004	30.000	65.0	29.950	29.944	68.0	62	02.5	64.2	77.4	58.5	71.5
T 4	29.916	29.912	73.0	29.884	29.878	70.5	60	06.5	70.0	80.0	61.0	78.5
F 5	29.998	29.991	70.0	29.982	29.976	71.0	63	06.5	69.4	73.8	64.5	81.5
S 6	29.968	29.964	69.0	29.974	29.970	70.0	64	05.5	68.2	68.6	63.2	75.5
○ 7	30.040	30.036	71.2	30.000	29.996	70.4	56	07.0	65.0	73.0	60.0	70.5
M 8	30.110	30.104	72.0	30.090	30.084	71.0	60	06.9	68.0	74.5	58.0	74.5
T 9	30.092	30.086	74.0	30.004	30.000	72.0	59	08.4	69.8	77.0	60.2	80.0
W 10	29.794	29.790	74.0	29.660	29.656	75.0	63	12.5	80.0	83.6	66.0	82.5
T 11	29.936	29.932	76.0	30.090	30.084	72.0	57	08.2	65.0	69.9	62.0	87.0
F 12	30.350	30.346	74.0	30.334	30.328	72.0	58	06.8	66.4	73.0	59.5	76.0
S 13	30.468	30.462	69.0	30.472	30.466	71.2	64	03.5	67.5	73.5	61.2	76.0
○ 14	30.472	30.466	72.0	30.396	30.392	73.0	65	06.0	72.0	79.6	65.2	75.2
M 15	30.288	30.282	73.0	30.210	30.204	74.0	65	05.0	70.7	83.0	61.0	80.2
T 16	30.218	30.244	73.5	30.216	30.210	74.0	63	10.0	72.7	81.7	63.4	84.0
W 17	30.186	30.182	73.4	30.104	30.098	74.0	62	05.5	67.0	74.2	61.5	82.5
T 18	30.012	30.006	74.0	29.950	29.946	75.5	68	05.5	73.4	83.5	63.0	74.5
F 19	29.996	29.992	74.0	29.972	29.966	74.5	65	06.0	70.4	70.6	67.2	86.0
S 20	30.058	30.052	72.0	30.074	30.068	73.0	60	07.0	66.8	69.8	63.0	75.5
○ 21	30.058	30.052	70.0	30.014	30.010	72.0	60	06.5	69.8	73.7	62.0	72.2
M 22	30.012	30.006	72.0	29.984	29.980	72.0	59	09.0	70.0	77.0	60.5	74.5
T 23	29.966	29.960	73.0	29.838	29.834	73.0	64	05.0	72.0	75.5	65.0	79.0
W 24	29.900	29.896	69.0	29.810	29.804	71.0	56	05.5	62.8	74.0	59.5	80.0
T 25	29.760	29.754	67.0	29.750	29.744	69.0	61	02.0	61.5	69.0	57.5	74.5
F 26	29.890	29.886	69.0	29.884	29.880	70.0	63	05.5	68.0	73.0	61.0	70.5
S 27	30.008	30.004	67.0	29.980	29.974	69.0	61	04.0	63.0	70.8	60.0	74.0
○ 28	30.046	30.040	67.0	30.032	30.026	69.0	61	02.0	62.0	69.5	61.0	71.5
M 29	30.028	30.022	66.0	29.996	29.992	69.0	63	01.0	63.0	71.0	60.0	70.5
T 30	30.076	30.070	66.5	30.048	30.044	68.0	61	02.0	63.0	67.4	60.0	72.0
W 31	30.202	30.198	66.0	30.208	30.202	65.0	48	06.5	56.5	61.5	50.0	69.0
MEAN.	30.079	30.074	70.3	30.043	30.038	70.9	60	05.7	67.0	73.8	60.8	76.0
											Sum.	3,800
											Mean Barometer corrected
												9 A.M. 3 P.M.
												F. 29.971 .. 29.934
												C. 29.965 .. 29.926

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

The Observations for AUGUST were not taken by the Assistant Secretary on account of absence.

* One of the heaviest showers, within the space of two hours, on the Royal Society's records.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH.

[THE following verses are extracted from a poem submitted to us by a young man of twenty-one, of humble birth, whose father, or grandfather, was, and is, an agricultural labourer in Sherwood Forest, and who proposes to publish a volume by subscription. Among the list of subscribers we read with pleasure the names of Wordsworth, Joanna Baillie, Lord F. Egerton, the Countess of Blessington, Sharon Turner, Rev. W. L. Bowles, Montgomery, Milnes, Mackay, the Howitts, and others known to fame.]

From vallies green—from hills and plains a-fire
With sunny harvest, come the rustic bands,
Where in its sylvan nook the village spire,
Pointing like Hope to heaven, landmark of promise,
stands!

How silent now the mill-wheels splashing fall!—
No sinewy arms the clanging hammer wield—
Hush'd till the morrow is the reaper's call,
And childhood's joyful shouts o'er th' unglean'd
harvest field.

The waving corn upon the hill appears
A sea of gold down-flowing to the plain:
Another day to ripen the full ears
The stalks are left half-rear'd, and empty stands the wain.

How with the time these rural sounds agree!
The cricket's chirping in its fairy bower—
The woodspite's tapping on the hollow tree,
And th' wild bee's lazy drum round Autumn's few
sweet flowers.

The pheasant's whirring from his ferny lair,
The ring-dove's voice, as all for love she grieves,
The sudden leaping of the startled hare,
And squirrel's jocund sport among the frosted leaves,
And far afield, the heifer's lowing, bark!

In the long grass the cart-horse, neighing, rolls;
A herd of deer go bellowing through the park,
And sheep in little flocks bleat o'er the thymy knolls.

How still the forest, like a land of dreams,
Save when the wind, a moment rising, showers
The dead leaves down into the brook, that seems,
With sobbing voice, to chide the stern-eyed Autumn
hours.

London, Aug. 26, 1842.

JOHN GIBSON.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S CHAPEL AT HAMPTON COURT.

In a recent number of the *Athenæum* (*ante*, p. 743), allusion is made to a certain chapel at Hampton Court, as an object of interest to the historian and antiquary, and the public generally. Mr. Jesse, in several editions of his "Summer's Day at Hampton Court," gives the following account of it:—"The rooms which Charles I. occupied for the last time at Hampton Court, and the little chapel adjoining them, are perhaps more interesting on this account, than anything in the Palace. The chapel, in particular, in which Charles offered up his prayers to that Being who supported him through so many troubles, and enabled him to meet death with firmness and resignation, is curious from its architecture, and full of interest from the circumstances connected with it. The ceiling is beautifully worked, and the walls are nearly covered with paintings in fresco taken from Scripture subjects. There is a little oratory in the corner of the chapel, in which we may suppose the king's devotions were offered up." It is now too probably the receptacle of pickles and preserves. One must regret that this chapel cannot be seen either by the historian or the antiquary, or indeed by the public generally, which certainly ought [not?] to be the case." That a place thus described should have excited much attention is no wonder: its interest has even penetrated the walls of parliament. For several years past, scarcely a "vote" has been taken for the expenses at Hampton Court, without the

utterance of complaints that this "chapel" was not open to the public. Committees of the House of Commons grumbled at the obstinacy of the old Admiral Whitchurch, who occupied the suite of apartments, of which it formed one, because, like Blue Beard, he kept it locked up, and refused all admittance to it.

Recently it came to our knowledge, that the Admiral had resigned his rooms, and that the keys of said interesting chapel were in the possession of the proper authorities. We laid before them a request to be permitted to examine an object of such great curiosity, which was readily acceded to. Perhaps we may be allowed to remark here, that no public department is the public more courteously treated than by the Commissioners of Woods, who seem especially willing to listen to any suggestion tending to improve the public enjoyment of this palace—the delightful haunt of thousands.

Filled with expectations of the "curious architecture," the "frescos" on the walls, and the decorated "oratory," we hastened to Hampton Court. In speaking of the result of our survey, we may adopt Dr. Syntax's text—

"As sparks fly upwards to the sky,
So man is born to misery—"

for of "curious architecture" there was none; of "frescos" there were none: the "oratory" was a little strong closet, and the chapel nothing to our dull imagination but a very small dark room with a fire-place in it!

But we must speak somewhat more in detail of the conclusions to which we were unwillingly led, respecting an object which bid fair to have become one of national interest.

The reader probably knows the second court of the palace; the north side of the quadrangle being occupied by the side of the Great Hall; the south side by Wren's Ionic colonnade; and the west side by

towers, where once was an astronomical clock: hence this court is now called the Clock Court. The east side of this court gives evidence (very lamentable too) that it had undergone modern restorations. The date, 1732, shows when they were executed. Kent, one of the architects who, among other misdeeds, helped to substitute a flat timber ceiling for the original stone-groined roof of the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, conducted these tasteless restorations. He not only "restored" the exterior, but remodelled the "interior," after his own notions of the fitness of things. And such fitness! In one of the principal rooms, where the ornaments are ponderous caricatures of the forms commonly employed in the Louis Quatorze style, he has suspended from the ceiling a series of heavy spiral pendants, covered with scrolls and bastard Roman ornaments. In utter darkness that pendants served a purpose of utility as keystones, besides that of ornament, poor Kent thought to adopt pendants of no utility whatever, and ornamented according to his own original genius. At the back of the rooms thus built by Kent, is a small old one,

which has been elevated into the chapel aforesaid. With this room Kent meddled apparently but little, leaving it almost as he found it. Assuming (which we do most unwillingly,) that it ever was applied to the offices of religion, it has been most sacrilegiously treated at some time. Its most recent application has obviously been to serve the purpose of a butler's pantry, having a sink fitted into one corner of it. It is a plain square apartment, about 14 feet long by 12 feet wide, rather lofty in proportion, being nearly 14 feet in height. The window consists of plain and rather heavy mullions; and there is a fire-place in it, the mantel-piece of which is formed by a Tudor arch, seemingly ancient. The fire-place may be said to be positive evidence that the place could have been no chapel, whilst there is not a single circumstance to show that such may have been its use. If any evidence is sought in the decorations of the room, it is quite clear that originally they did not belong to it, but have been placed there in modern times.

The accompanying plan will convey a general notion of the present circumstances of the spot.

said of these pictures when they have been cleaned and removed from their present position, where there is no light to see them, and where they are raised far too high above the point of sight. We say removed, because it were idle to talk of the restoration of such a room. Restoration to what? As a chapel, certainly not. As a lumber room, in which Kent or some one thought to preserve some interesting fragments of the ancient decorations of the palace! If we may be allowed to offer a suggestion, it would be to unroll these panels, and to clean them and place them where they may be seen. The fragments of the old ceiling and frieze should be treasured, as affording genuine authorities in restorations, rather than exhibited as possessing any especial interest in their present injured condition.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE daily papers announce the death, in the 81st year of his age, of Dr. Ireland, Dean of Westminster. Dr. Ireland was, we believe, of very humble origin—the son of the prison-keeper at Hereford—and received his education at the grammar school of that city, whence he removed to Oxford. He was subsequently Vicar of Croydon, Prebend, Sub-dean, and lastly Dean of Westminster. It must be nearly fifty years since his "Discourses" were published. He was the early, and intimate friend of William Gifford, who speaks of him in the "Introduction" to the works of Massinger, as "the companion of my youth, the friend of my maturer years, the inseparable and affectionate associate of my pleasures and my pains, my graver and my lighter studies," and he expressed, it is said, a dying request that Dr. Ireland would consent to be buried with him, in the same grave—a request which has been complied with. A man so beloved must have had many sterling qualities both of head and heart: but, as Dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland was, it must be admitted, somewhat narrow-minded and bigoted. There is now a chance, we hope, that Thorwaldsen's statue of Byron, which has been lying for years stowed away in the vaults at the Custom-house, may find its destined resting-place in the Abbey. Neither is it too much to expect, that the paltry, pitiful meanness of exacting six-penny fees from visitors to that venerable structure will now be abolished. Sir Robert Peel, some time since, expressed a wish to this effect, and we trust, therefore, that he will not neglect to make such conditions with whomsoever he may appoint to the office, as shall go far to ensure their abolition. It was well observed lately in *The Times*, "that if the character of these noble buildings, the *religio loci*, has but fair play—if it is but shorn of its present appendages, of a verger and his sixpenny extortions—if there is but some visible sign of care and respect on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities—if canons and prebendaries are in somewhat more regular attendance at those services for the sake of which they enjoy their rich foundations—if those services were performed with more care—if singing men were somewhat less free and easy, and singing boys wore somewhat less dirty surplices than we find sometimes to be the case at present—if, in short, Cathedrals showed a decent evidence of being consecrated to serious daily devotion—in this case, we believe, there would be no cause of fearing lest the flood of people should forget, even out of church hours, where they were."

The gold medal struck, in honour of "The Friend of Science, Commerce, and Order," Mehemet Ali, and presented to him by our countrymen, was received at Alexandria by the last packet. It is fortunate that his admirers did not find room in the inscription for "Art" as well as "Science," for it appears by letters brought by the same packet, that the Pacha has returned the portrait, painted by the late Sir David Wilkie when in Egypt last year, and which he brought with him, intending to finish in England. The Pacha, we suppose, was startled at the price, 200 guineas; but, with a liberality worthy of all admiration, he said he would take the picture if his friends thought it a good likeness. The "learned Thebans" of whom he took counsel in this weighty matter, shook their artistic heads doubtfully, and accordingly the picture is on its way home, to realize a larger sum at Messrs. Christie's auction room.

The following is an extract from a letter dated Lisbon, August 22, published in the *Hampshire Telegraph*—"The Kite arrived at Fernando Po on the 30th

MINVS . MICHII . ADIVTOR . DOMINVS . MICHII . DOMINVS . MICHII . ADIV

Christ bearing his Cross.

W.

The Resurrection of Christ.
The panels on this side reach to the ceiling. The border is discontinuous; if carried on, it would have covered the paintings.

Scourging of Christ.
Length nearly 14 feet.

N.

Judas Kissing
Christ.
Door.

A Madonna?

E.

Width 12 feet 4½ inches.

Window.

The ceiling is ancient, moulded in terra cotta, apparently, with ornaments made of lead. It consists of octagonal panelling, which has been rudely nailed up, as any one may see who examines it carefully. Coarse tenpenny nails pierce the gilded mouldings without any colour or pains taken to conceal their rusty heads. The panels are not fitted to the size of the room, but have been cut through, as if to suit its dimensions. Thus the panelling does not begin at either side, but commences in the midst of the octagon! The ribs and ornaments (which have been almost removed) were gilded, whilst the lead was blue bice. Its general character resembles that of the ceiling in the withdrawing-room from the great hall. The border, or frieze, below is clearly a piece of patchwork. As shown in the above plan, it is carried along two sides of the room only, and its beginning and ending are imperfect. Even at the angle, the legend does not continue, but is broken. This never would have been the case had it originally belonged here. The legend is one often used by Wolsey, "Dominus michi adjutor;" and we therefore conclude that this border must have been brought hither from some part of Wolsey's building. The character of its ornaments seems rather to identify it as part of the "border of antyke wylt nakyd chyldren"—the antyke nyl gyte, the fylde layde with fine lyne," which, in Henry VIII's time, decorated the

Long Gallery. The circumstances of the pictures below the border, strengthen all the previous conclusions. Like other parts, they, too, never could have belonged here originally. Like the ceiling, they have been most rudely nailed up; so rudely, that a landscape near the window is turned *upside down!* They do not fill the sides of the room—the deficiencies of space being supplied by black boards! On the north side they are higher than on the south and west sides; and on this side, too, is one panel which has been split in two, and one of its sections is missing. These pictures are oil paintings on wood. It is difficult to understand how they could have been called "frescos." They are very dirty and neglected; and it is not easy to examine them in their present state. They are paintings, doubtless, as old as the palace, and perhaps some of the many copies which were sent from Italy, by order of Henry VIII. "Tables" of the History of Christ are named as being among Henry VIII's pictures at Hampton Court; and there seems no reason why these may not have been part of the series. They are not deficient in a certain gracefulness of composition, belonging to a style which was substituting classical for Gothic forms. As far as the dirt allowed an examination to be made, there appeared considerable sentiment and expression in the heads, some of which were finished to an extent not unworthy of Mabuse. But more is to be

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of June, with orders to desist from entering the Niger, except on a very limited scale, so much as to put an end to the expedition; and the officers and men are to be sent home in a man-of-war. As the *Kite* had some defects, she was selected, and the officers and men are now on board her, and may be expected in England in a few days. The officers are, Captain W. Allen, Commander W. Ellis, Lieutenant Frederick Sidney, Master W. Forster, Surgeons R. H. Thomson and Morris Pritchett, Purser William Bush, Clerk — Terry, with twenty-two seamen and marines. The greater part of the seamen had volunteered at Ascension from merchant ships. Lieutenant Webb, of the *Wilberforce*, has taken that vessel up, with a boatswain, carpenter, and two white engineers; the rest are all Kroomen; Mr. Webb, clerk, also accompanied him. Lieutenant Webb, who was senior mate in the *Soudan*, has been at various times in all the vessels of the expedition (including the *Amelia* tender, now at the Model Farm settlement), as his services were required. He had nearly eight years passed, and was promoted into a death vacancy."

The opening of Covent Garden, which was to have taken place last Saturday, was postponed until to-day, in consequence of the indisposition of Miss Adelaide Kemble, who had been prevented, by a severe cold, from fulfilling an engagement to sing at Brighton on the Thursday previous, and unfortunately got worse instead of better, as was anticipated. The bills of the day were issued as usual on Saturday morning, but Miss Kemble's efforts to go through the rehearsal on that day only increased her inability to perform; and there was no alternative but to announce the fact to the public, by notices posted at the theatre, which, however, could not prevent numerous disappointments, though none were so severely felt as those of the manager and the company. While chronicling this theatrical contretemps at one of the great houses, we may mention the announcement of the opening of Drury Lane on the 1st of October, with a play of Shakespeare's, and the promised revival of Purcell's opera of "King Arthur," as one of the first musical novelties.

The French papers mention that M. A. Péremé, in making some researches at the foot of the Grosse Tour at Issoudun, in the Indre, has discovered, buried under the earth, an edifice in a perfect state of preservation, which he pronounces to be of as early a date as the fourth or fifth century, and to have been one of those chapels or oratories which the early Christians raised and dedicated to their saints and martyrs. Annexed to it was the cell which is mentioned by Gregory of Tours to have always been a necessary appendage.—They also announce the death of M. Flandrin, the painter, at the early age of 36 years.—And that Fanny Elssler, on her return to Paris, appealed against the sentence of the Tribunal de Commerce, which had condemned her to a penalty of 60,000 francs, for the breach of her engagement with the Opera. M. Dupin, who appeared as the advocate of the Opera, after amusing his audience by a statement of the rebellious conduct of the fair *danses*, under the excitement of her American conquest, amused them still further, by reading, as a key to her delinquency, copious extracts from an article in an American paper, entitled, "Peregrinations of a Dancer," wherein the writer follows Fanny throughout her Transatlantic campaign, and gives a summary of her triumphs, in some of which grave deliberative bodies play parts which European imaginations, even where the culminating of their passion for the lighter arts is highest, yet fail to appreciate. It is little wonder that the dancer forgot her engagements in the fever which made senators forget their mission. But the judges of the Cour Royale escaped the fascination, and confirmed the sentence.

Letters from Pesth give accounts of the ceremonies attendant upon laying the foundation stone of a gigantic work—a bridge over the Danube, to unite the cities of Pesth and Buda. Two copper-dams, unequalled, it is said, in cubical dimensions, by any ever yet constructed, are now complete and water-tight, being those on the Pesth side, while those on the Buda side are in an advanced stage. The projector and engineer of this stupendous undertaking is our countryman, Mr. W. Tierney Clark, who received on the occasion, from the hands of the Archduke, in the Emperor's name, a gold snuff-box, with

the cipher of the Imperial donor emblazoned on it in diamonds.

The removal of some large paintings which were thought to disfigure the beautiful architecture of the Cathedral of Metz, has been the occasion of a riot of a novel kind,—the actors therein being the ladies who kneel at its altars. The pictures, in themselves, are said to be of no great merit, and a deformity where they were; but they represent the different stages of the Passion, had served as guides to the religious exercises of the faithful,—beads, as it were, of the rosary whereby they counted off their prayers,—and the imagination of the fair saints was at fault, wanting these material stimulants. Luckily, the priests took the side of taste, which, on this particular occasion, they might think was their own, (those mute directors having somewhat encroached upon their office,) and the removal was effected,—not, however without a muttered apprehension, on the part of some of the old women, that there was "more behind than met the eye;" and that it was intended gradually to desecrate the Cathedral into a Protestant temple."

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The TWO PICTURES, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted by M. BOUTON; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, painted by M. RENOIX, from a sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS, R.A., in 1839. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open every Day till Ten at Night.

AFGHANISTAN.—NOW OPEN.—PANORAMA, Leicester-square, a comprehensive and interesting VIEW OF CABUL, including every object of interest in the city, the Bala Hisar, the river Cabul, with a distant view of the Himalaya Mountains and the Pass of Khund Cabul, where the British army was so treacherously destroyed. The whole illustrated by numerous groups of figures descriptive of the manners of the Afghans. The Views of the Battle of Waterloo and of Jerusalem, remain open.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION, St. George's-place, Hyde Park-corner.—This splendid Collection, consisting of objects exclusively Chinese, surpassing in extent and grandeur any similar display in the known world, entirely filling the spacious saloon, 225 feet in length, 90 feet in width, extending upwards of fifty figures as large as life, all drawn in perspective, from the most minute articles, down to the giant mendicant in his patched garment; also many thousand specimens, both in natural history and miscellaneous curiosities, illustrating the appearance, manners, and customs of more than three hundred million Chinese, respecting whom the nations of Europe have hitherto been ignorant. The opportunity of judging, is NOW OPEN FOR PUBLIC INSPECTION, from Ten in the Morning till Ten at Night. Admission, 2s. 6d.; Children 1s.

THE THAMES TUNNEL
is OPEN to Visitors daily, (excepting Sundays) from Nine in the Morning till Dark, and admitted with a Key. The entrance is now only on the Middlesex side of the River, and close to the Tunnel Pier, Wapping. (The shaft at Rotherhithe being closed to finish the new staircase.) Admittance is each.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Company's Office, 2, Walbrook Buildings, City,
August, 1842.

N.B. Steam Boats to the Tunnel Pier at Wapping, from Hungerford, Adelphi, Temple-Bar, Blackfriars Bridge, Old Shades, and Old Swan Piers, and London Bridge. Boats with plates descriptive of the Works are sold at the Tunnel, price 1s.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

The Songs of Charles Dibdin, chronologically arranged, with Notes, &c., with New Pianoforte Accompaniments, and a Memoir of the Author. By George Hogarth, Esq. How & Parsons.

This work was wanted. English attention is beginning to be more than formerly turned towards English imagination, whether it be musically, lyrically, or dramatically exhibited; and the songs of Charles Dibdin afford specimens of all. It is indeed as a song writer that Dibdin lingers and lives in our memory. He appeared at one of those moments of every nation's history, when the poet, who goes down among the people, and sings of national glory, is sure to find a ready and welcoming audience; and Dibdin, besides striking that key note to which every heart responded, was a true Englishman—knew the sailor and the farmer, the lad and the lass, as intimately as the Hogarts, the Morlands, and the Wilkies—who have delineated peculiarities of face and demeanour, where he has registered modes of expression and trains of feeling. Though not untouched by the conventional influences which the stage exercised over all who venture within its orbit—he was, nevertheless, as completely at home among the Jacks of our quays, and the Gileses of our homesteads, as Burns among the Jocks and Jessies of the braes beyond the Tweed. But he had no touch of the poetry of the Scottish song-writer; on the contrary, Dibdin's imagination (poetically to speak) is tawdry and common-place. It is the familiar truth of conception in which the English and Scotch song-writers claim brotherhood:—in this distinguished from Moore, who always seems to us to sing to the Irish, rather than from the Irish,—to employ his learning and imagery and fancy upon national themes, instead of

instinctively uttering from the heart the complaints or delights of Shane, Norn, or Sheelah, in their own artless language—most poetical when most artless!

But the quality of Dibdin's songs, which makes us here notice them, is their excellent fitness for music. His studies of Fussell's organ and Kent's anthems—most of all of the Covent Garden stage—had helped him to a practical experience for which the Scottish lyrists had no opportunities, and which the Irish bard would probably have scorned, to attain; for, in spite of his exquisite ear, smooth finish, and select and picturesque taste as an amateur, Moore has ever seemed to us—and we have more than once stated our conviction—to richly endowed, as a poet and scholar, for one who, when all is said and done, is but a fellow-labourer with the musician. His cadences are surcharged with a sweetness to which no "e la" can add a further grace—his verses bear a fulness of meaning so admirably balanced, that any strength of musical idea laid thereon would bring down the whole structure. His songs are best, when the air has least colour. He never seems willing to choose those themes and conjunctions, wherein the lyrist must content himself with indicating passion or situation, which the musical composer is to fill up or describe. Inferior as was Dibdin in every other requisite, his songs are nearer in quality to the material for which a musician would seek, than most we could point to: and this, in spite of loose rhymes, commonplace thoughts, and magniloquent words; faults, be it observed, not inherent in that ease, transparency, and freedom of motion we are praising. We know of few better English studies for any who may be meditating the production of such *cinq* as opera-text must needs be, than Dibdin's *libretti*. It is difficult to extract, where we would refer for proof to the whole volume. Hardly any solitary specimen is finished; hardly any one clear of vulgar words or weak rhymes—and those which will look the best in our columns are in the style in which others share the laurel:—not being essentially dramatic songs. The following, for instance, is an anticipation (or a copy?) of the modern Americon's most fanciful and epigrammatic gems in verse:

Wit and Beauty.

As Wit and Beauty for an hour,
The other day were jarring,
Which held o'er man superior pow'rs,
They almost came to sparing.
Cried Reason, "Wit! you're grown a fool;
You look quite ugly, Beauty!
Come take me with you,—both be cool;
Some mortals know their duty.

To them submit,
Whether 'tis Wit

They most admire, or Beauty.
So said, so done; out they both set,

With reason to protect 'em,
Resolv'd that the first man they met
Should to the truth direct 'em.
Instant they ask'd a midnight throng,

"Who to Bacchus paid their duty.
'Wit,' cried out they, 'teems in our song,
But 'tis insip'd by Beauty.'

Learn wisdom, Wit;
Like us, submit

To the sweet pow'r of Beauty.'

Cried Wit, "No tricks on trav'lers here,—
I saw you smile, you gipsy;

'Twas bri'ry and corruption clear;
Besides, the rogues were tipsy;

Yon hard the truth will quickly hit:
Come, poet, do thy duty;

Do you not owe your fame to Wit?
To Wit! fool!—no! to Beauty.

Adieu to Wit,
When men submit

To be the slaves of Beauty.'

'Quaint rogue! with his satiric page;

The fellow is a lover:—

If I'm condemn'd by yonder sage,

I'll give the matter over.

Didst not the world,—say, Hermit,—quit,
Imposing this hard duty,
Better to contemplate on Wit?

"No!—to reflect on Beauty.

Then, in fond fit,

He turn'd from Wit,

And squeezed the hand of Beauty.

'Wit rules the mind, Beauty the heart,

Friend one, and wife the other;

Thus, cleaving to the better part,

Men leave friend, father, brother.

Hence!" cried the sage, "my presence quit

Adieu, friend,—know thy duty:

Then, shutting rude the door on Wit,

Was left alone with Beauty!

Since when, poor Wit,

Glad to submit,

Has own'd the pow'r of Beauty.

This song is from those 'Entertainments Sans Souci,' in which the composer, on renouncing the stage, endeavoured, by the force of his single attractions, to delight the town:—the forerunner of Mathews. In a different humour, is the Stratford 'Jubilee Song'; which, again, is not a song of situation, but of occasion, as the French say. It will, however, serve to illustrate the dramatic versatility which we claim as not the least of Dibdin's good gifts:—

Anne Hathaway.

(We need hardly remind the reader that Anne Hathaway was the middle name of the wife of Shakespeare. The song was probably written for the Stratford Jubilee, if not actually performed there.)

Would ye be taughte, ye feather'd throng,
In love's sweet notes to grace your song.
To charm the hearte in thrilling lay,
Listen to my Anne Hathaway:
She hath a way to singe so cleare,
Phœbus might wond'ring stop here;
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne Hathaway,
To breathe deighty Anne Hathaway.

When envie's breath and rancour's tooth
Do soil and bite faire worth and truthe,
And merite to distress betraye,
To sooth the soule Anne Hathaway:
She hath a waye to chare despaire,
To heale all griefe, to cure all care,
Turne foleste night to fairest daye:
Thou know'st, fondre hearte, Anne Hathaway,
She hath a waye,
Anne Hathaway,

To make griefe bliss Anne Hathaway.
Talk not of gemmes the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyste,
The emerald, milde, the rubye, —
Take of my gemme, Anne Hathawaye:
She hath a waye, with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to deafe;

* The jewel she, and the foil they,
So sweete to looke Anne Hathaway:
She hath a waye,
Anne Hathaway;

To shame bryghte gemmes Anne Hathaway.
But to my fancies were it given
To rate her charms, I call them Heaven;
For though a mortal mayde of claye,
Angels might love Anne Hathawaye:
She hath a waye so to controule,
To rapture the imprison'd soule,
And sweetest heaven on earth displaye,
That to be heaven Anne hath a waye;
She hath a waye,
Anne Hathawaye:

To be heaven's self Anne Hathaway.

Who would think that the following stirring lay could have proceeded from the same mint as produced the foregoing? Adventitious circumstances give it a peculiar interest in our eyes. Some fifteen years ago there appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* a ballad called 'The Forging of the Anchor,' which, for its force and originality, was pronounced almost worthy—and by no undervaluers of German song—to pair off with Schiller's 'Song of the Bell.' We have treasured the memory of that poem, and anxiously looked for further signs of life on the part of its author. The reader will understand the interest, not unmixed with surprise, with which, in the following, we traced a foreshadowing of our favorite.

The Anchorsmiths.

Like Etna's dread volcano see the ample forge
Large heaps upon large heaps of jetty fuel gorge,
While, salamander-like, the ponderous anchor lies,
Gusted with vivid fire through all its pores that flies:
The dingy anchorsmiths, to renovate their strength,
Scotch'd out in death-like sleep, are snoring at their length,
Waiting the master's signal when the tackle's force
Shall, like split rocks, the anchor from the fire divorce;
While, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
In deaf'ning concert shall their pond'rous hammers clang,
And into symmetry the mass incongruous beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

Now, as more vivid and intense each splinter flies,
The temper of the fire the skilful master tries;
And, as the dingy hue assumes a brilliant red,
The heated anchor feels that fire on which it fed.
The huge sledge-hammers round in order array range,
And waking anchorites await the look'd-for change,
Losing with all their force the ardent mass to smite,
When issuing from the fire, arr'd in dazzling white;
And, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
To make in concert rude their pond'rous hammers clang,
To misshape the lump to symmetry they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

The preparations thicken! with forks the fire they load;
And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bellows load,
While, arm'd from ev'ry danger, and in grim array,
Arms as though demons waiting for their prey.
The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery maw,
Which, on the anvil prone, the cavern shouts—Huzzar!

And now the scorch'd beholders want the pow'r to gaze,
Faint with its heat, and dazzled with its pow'rful rays;
While, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
To forge Jove's thunderbolts, their pond'rous hammers clang;
And, till its fire's extinct, the monstrous mass they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

Leaving the salt-water ditties to be examined on another occasion, and in another humour, we shall conclude with one of the miscellaneous songs.

Such Love as holy Hermits bear.

Such love as holy hermits bear
The shrine where they put up their pray'r,
Love the feather'd race the air,
Or sportive fish the sea:
Such as in breasts of seraphs spring,
When on th' expanse of heav'n they wing,
To greet that Power by whom they sing,—
Such love I bear to thee!

Such thankful love as warm must glow
In those who, sunk in night and snow,
When welcome beams first faintly show

The long-lost sun they see:
As pleasure youth, comfort the old,
Virtue the good, or fame the bold,
As health the sick, or misers gold,—
Such love I bear to thee.

With reference to the amount of talent manifested by Charles Dibdin in his capacity of musician,—or, to speak with more precision, of melodist,—even Mr. Hogarth, though by habit and on principle gentle to every musical thing of English growth, cannot claim for him the merit of constructive and harmonic science; and the fact that new accompaniments are affixed to nearly every song in the book, is a sufficient evidence of the meagreness of Dibdin's attainments. But this admitted, we cannot even join with the panegyrists of his original vein. His tunes have the worst features of amateur music; are disjointed, scrambling, defective in proportion, and illogical. They wander over as wide a compass of notes as Shield's, without the captivating sweetness, which, in spite of their want of artistic value, makes us still listen to 'The Streamlet' and 'The Thorn' with welcome. They have not a trace of the symmetrical forms which Arne got from Italy; they do not lie well for the voice, and, in short, depend upon the delivery of the singer, and the power he is able to impart to his recitation. Though we give all honour to such manly ditties as 'Tom Tough,' 'Blow high, blow low,' and others, which, when well said by a Graham or a Phillips, are sure to delight the ear, we cannot believe that even as ballad melodies (the lowest form of vocal composition) these tunes of Dibdin's will ever form part of our national stores, like 'Sally in our Alley,' or 'Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,' or that dearer piece of antiquity 'Chevy Chace,'—or any other of the thousand and one melodies which our Chappells so industriously collect and so fondly produce, as "our jewels," when taunted by the haughty men of Italy, Germany, and France.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—August 29.—A further communication was read from M. Agassiz. M. Agassiz informs the Academy that he has ascertained that the glacier is throughout mined and sapped by watercourses, as he was convinced from experiments which he had before performed, and of which he had given an account; that ice is porous in a high degree, and that the motion of glaciers is due in part to the infiltrations of water through the mass, thus undermining the base; and that the experiments on the glacier of the Aar, have established the truth of this theory. M. Agassiz also mentions a fact which tends to corroborate what has been stated as to the phosphorescence of clouds. He mentions that it is more easy, on the glaciers at night, to distinguish the hands of a watch when the sky is covered with clouds, than when it is cloudless and the light of the stars is seen. He also states that the appearance of a peculiar snow, well known to all visitors of the glaciers, is not a snow that falls, but merely a modification of the frozen surface.—In a paper lately read on some remarkable circumstances connected with the Daguerreotype, it was stated that a cameo having been suspended so as to hang near, but not to touch, a polished plate in a box from which all light was excluded, the engraving of the cameo was clearly and distinctly marked on the plate. M. Breguet, the celebrated watchmaker, has addressed a letter to the Academy, in which he states that he has frequently seen, on the polished inner surface of the gold cases of

his flat watches, the name of his house plainly and legibly marked, the impression having been received from the engraved letters of the covering of the works, which did not touch the case.

Plumstead Churchyard.—In the Excursion to Erith, you have given three epitaphs from P. C. Y., but not noticed the accompanying, which, I consider, as more curious than either, and send, in the hope that some of your readers may be able to explain the meaning of it. The last four lines are in italics on the stone. The "tablet in the Sanctuary," I could not find.

S. S. S.

Interred lie the mortal remains of General Sir William Green, Bart., Chief Royal Engineer, departed this life 11th January, 1811, aged 86 years—

Efficient duty reminiscent grav
Yet mild philanthropy a reign may save
If but the mind incline rare to deny
Courteous humane to misery a sigh
To woe and wretchedness a constant friend
What's the proud course—a rind an atom cloud
Where shines the planet nature's voice is loud
Soft sweep the lyre pity her distress
Compassion's melting mood her numbers bless
On these perhaps our future joys depend
Aided by the interference of an honourable friend
In the honourable corps of Artillery
We have further consigned to memory
A tablet in the Sanctuary of the Church.

J. W. G.

Dr. Payerne made some experiments on Saturday last at Spithead, for the purpose of determining whether his method of producing air, fit for the respiration of man, and for supporting flame, without communication with the external air, which he had successfully exhibited in London, in the diving-bell of the Polytechnic Institution, would be equally efficient in deep water. There was no doubt that he could produce good air at any depth; but it was supposed that a pressure of from twelve to fifteen fathoms of water would compress the air in a diving-bell so much, that though men might exist in it, they would not be able to work to advantage, being nearly up to their necks in water. Unless, therefore, the Doctor could get over this difficulty, his ingenious and novel invention would not be attended with any practical benefit, at least in deep water, as it would not dispense with the necessity of still using an air-pump to expel the water from the lower part of the bell, according to the system hitherto in use. The Doctor adopted the expedient of having iron cylinders, with condensed air, lashed to the bottom of the diving-bell, which he emptied by degrees as the bell descended. The result was perfectly successful. Though the Doctor and Major-General Pasley descended to the depth of twelve or thirteen fathoms, and remained there for twenty minutes, the water did not rise more than a few inches.

A Plea for Marriage.—Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, states, that the mortality of Bachelors from the ages of 30 to 45, is 27 per cent.—of married men only 18. For 41 bachelors who attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men. The difference is still more striking as age advances. At the age of 60, there are but 22 bachelors alive for 48 married men; at 70, 11 bachelors for 27 married men; and at 80 years, for 3 bachelors there are 9 married men.

Natural History.—The latest intelligence from Rio de Janeiro mentions that Dr. Lund has discovered in the cavities of the chalk formations in Minas Geraes, some petrifications of human bones, among relics of Platynox Bucklandii, Chlamydotherrium Humboldtii, C. majus, Dasysurus sulcatus, Hydrochaeris sciuldens, &c. &c. Dr. Lund explored nearly 200 of the pits, and among the mammalia he collected 115 species, though only 88 species now inhabit those regions. The human bones are partly petrified and partly intersected by particles of iron, and on being broken they have a metallic lustre.—Times.

Book-shelves.—It has been ascertained that the length of the book-shelves in the library of the British Museum, which hold 260,000 volumes, is 42,240 feet, or 8 miles. The length of shelves in the library at Munich, containing 500,000 volumes, taking the same proportion, will be 15 miles and 2-5ths. The King's library in Paris, of 650,000 volumes, must, by the same calculation, have not less than 20 miles of shelf.—John Bull.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Frescata—J. R. B.—M. S.—N.—M. R. P. L.—received.—If Priscianus Secundus had read with attention, he would have seen that the passage referred to was an acknowledged extract.—N. will find Mr. Daniel's letter ante p. 657.—Mr. Blacker's letter next week.

